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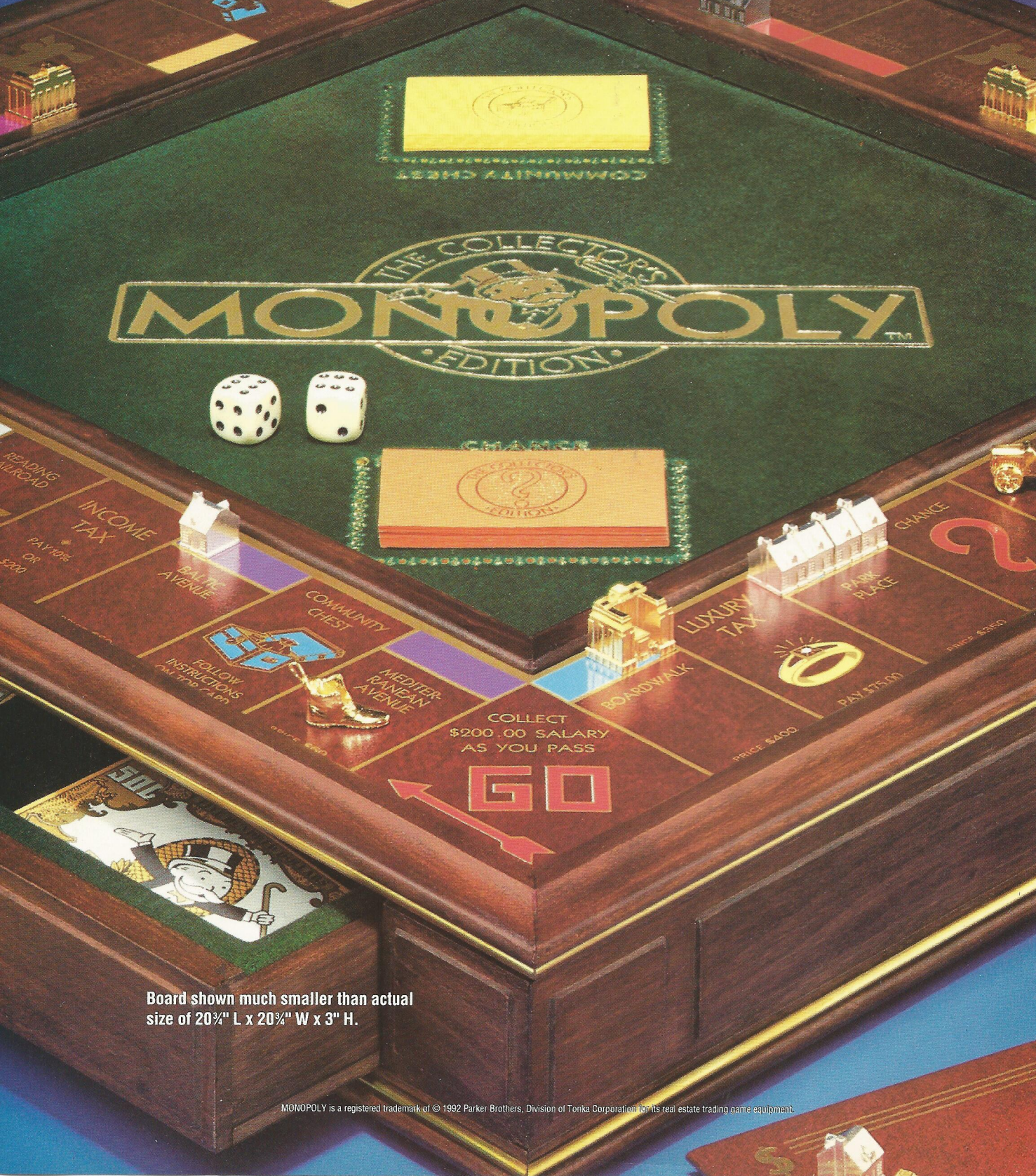
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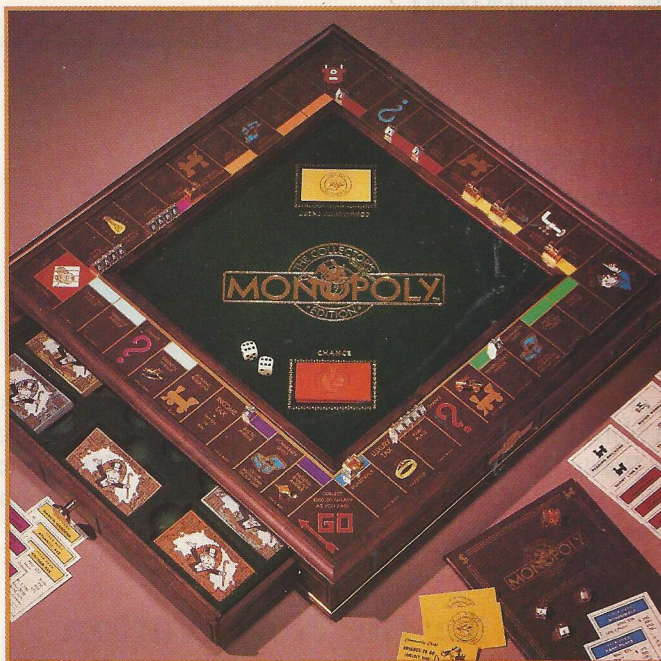
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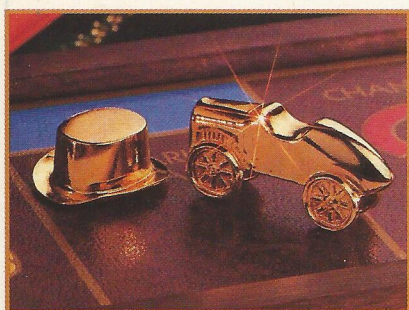


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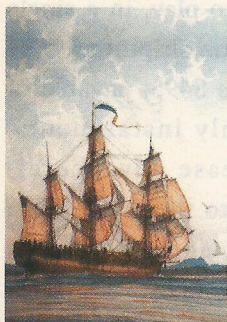
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COVER

Noted maritime artist Hewitt Jackson here depicts Captain Robert Gray's ship *Columbia Rediviva* on the verge of a momentous event in Northwest maritime history: the fur trader's May 11, 1792 entry into the great river that he named after his ship. An article describing this and other pioneering Northwest voyages appears on pages 28-43.

FEATURES

28 River of the West

An era of accelerated maritime activity along the remote and long-uncharted shores of the Pacific Northwest reached a zenith in May 1792 when American merchant captain Robert Gray confirmed the existence of one of the region's most elusive and ultimately significant prizes—the great waterway that he named “Columbia's River.”
by Thomas Vaughan

44 Artist for the New Nation

Transforming the international style of art that he had mastered abroad into a form more suited to the restrained aesthetic sensibilities of his New England patrons, eighteenth-century painter Ralph Earl created defining icons of the young republic's people, land, and culture.
by Elizabeth Mankin Kornhauser

52 The Pinkerton Bomb

Recently placed on display in Clay County, Missouri, a four-pound, bowl-shaped iron disc once played a central, if unintended, role in generating widespread public sympathy for a pair of notorious outlaws—Jesse and Frank James.
by Harry A. Soltysiak

56 Agony in the Pacific

Fighting without hope of reinforcements or relief, ninety thousand American and Philippine troops made a courageous but doomed defense of Luzon's Bataan Peninsula and nearby Corregidor Island during the early months of 1942.
by Frank Taylor

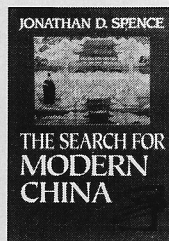
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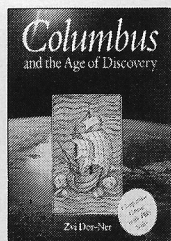
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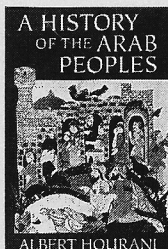
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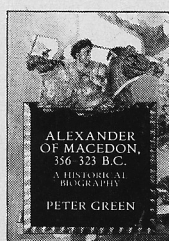
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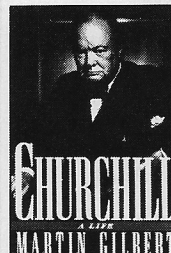
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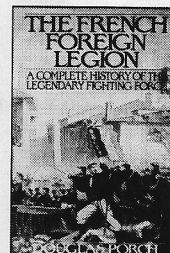
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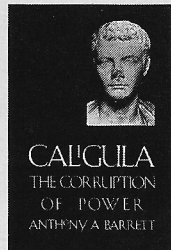
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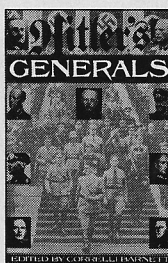
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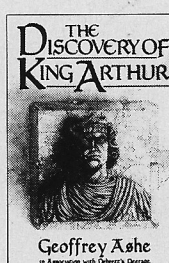
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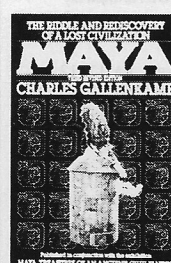
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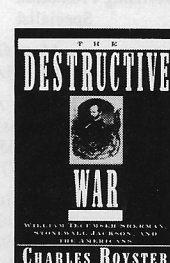
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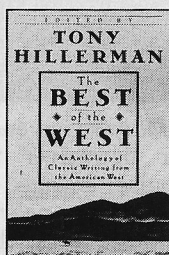
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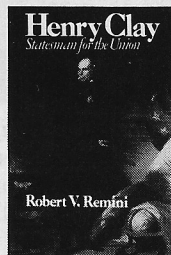
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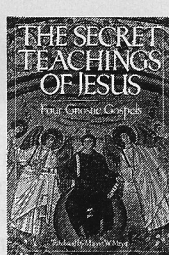
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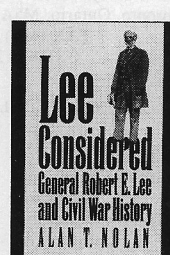
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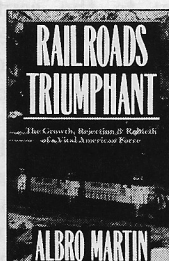
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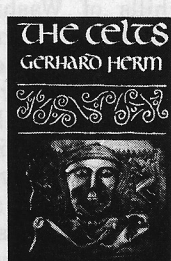
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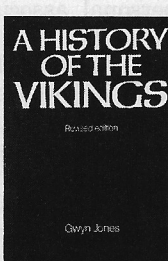
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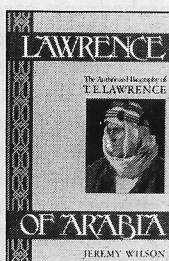
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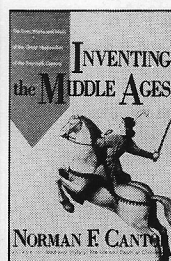
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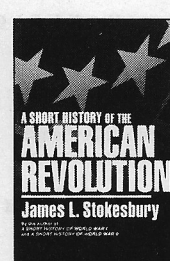
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SOUTHEAST: Herb Schmitt & Company, Publisher
Representatives, 4001 Wetherburn Way,
Norcross, GA 30092. (404) 441-0946,
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CANADA: American Publishers Representatives,
Ltd., Garry Power, 41 Britain St., Suite 303,
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American History Illustrated (ISSN 0002-8770) is published bimonthly by Cowles Magazines, 6405 Flank Drive, Harrisburg, PA 17112-2753. Subscriptions: U.S., \$20 per year; foreign, \$26. Second Class postage paid at Harrisburg, PA 17105 and at additional mailing offices. Printed by World Color Press, Effingham, IL. Postmaster: Send address changes to American History Illustrated, P.O. Box 1776, Mt. Morris, IL 61054. Subscription questions: Call (800) 435-9610 (in Illinois, (815) 734-6309). American History Illustrated accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts not accompanied by return postage. Copyright 1992 by Cowles Magazines, Inc. All Rights reserved. Permission to reproduce the issue or portions thereof must be secured in writing from the publisher. American History Illustrated is available on microfilm and microfiche from University Microfilms, Inc., 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Editor's Desk



For various reasons, certain places carry special meanings and significance for each of us. For me, the lower Columbia River—the broad estuary separating Oregon and Washington—is such a place. It is a region rich in history, and, for me, a place embodying strong personal associations and memories.

Despite civilization's encroachments, the river and its wooded shores still appear much as they must have for hundreds of years past. During my youth there, it was easy to conjure up visions of Lewis and Clark; of the Indian villages that once lined the river's shores; of the explorers and fur traders who plied the river's waters; and of the merchant vessels that once sailed here. These shadows from the past seemed tantalizingly near—just beyond vision's reach.

Then, on one memorable summer afternoon in 1964, the mists of time parted wide for me.

A young magazine photojournalist, I had spent the previous days photographing a visit to Portland, a hundred miles or so upriver, by the *Nippon Maru*, a four-masted bark then used as a training ship for cadets of the Japanese merchant marine. (The Coast Guard ship *Eagle* serves a similar role at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy.)

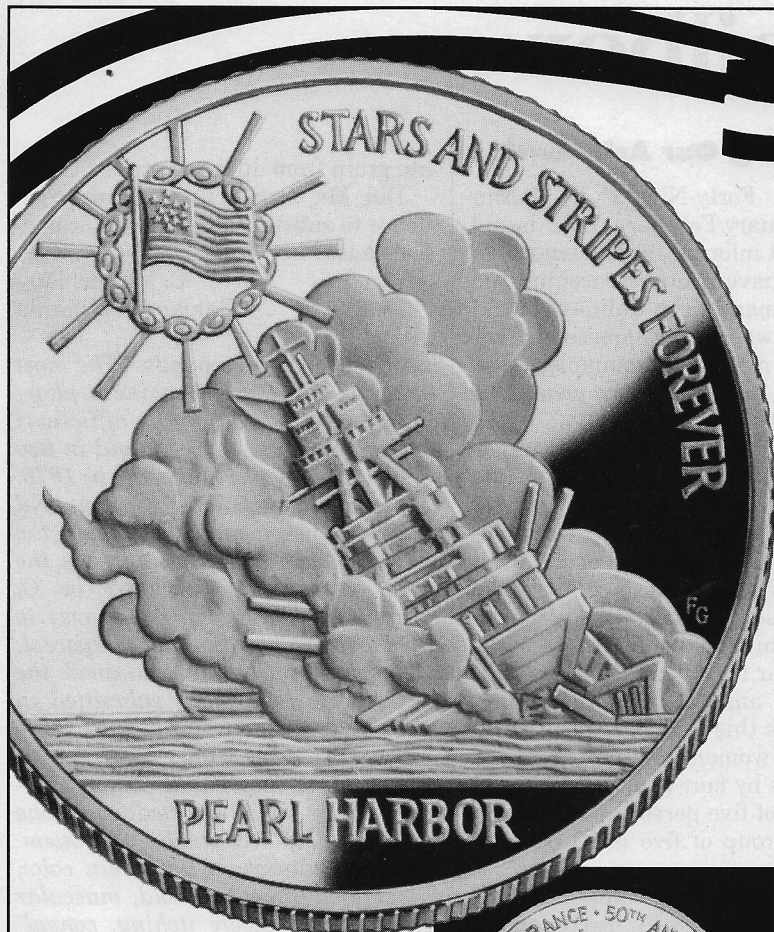
When the *Nippon Maru's* visit ended, I followed her downriver to Astoria and, on impulse, engaged a pilot and small plane. It was nearly sunset when we climbed over the great river's mouth. To the north loomed Cape Disappointment and the hills of Washington; to the south Clatsop Spit and the Oregon beaches.

Below us, the *Nippon Maru* paused outside the bar to discharge her pilot, then majestically set sail.

It was a riveting sight. As she headed southwest across the endless Pacific swells, silhouetted in the gold of the setting sun, the beautiful bark was transformed for me into an argosy that represented all of great sailing vessels that had crossed these waters—Bruno Heceta's *Santiago*, George Vancouver's *Discovery*, Robert Gray's *Columbia Rediviva*, and especially the hundreds of lumber and grain ships (some manned by my Finnish ancestors) that once called at Columbia River ports.

We circled overhead for perhaps fifteen minutes. Finally, as the sun touched the horizon, the pilot (reluctant to be offshore after dark) turned inland. As twilight settled over the lower river, we landed back in the twentieth century—and the spell was broken. ★

Ed Holm



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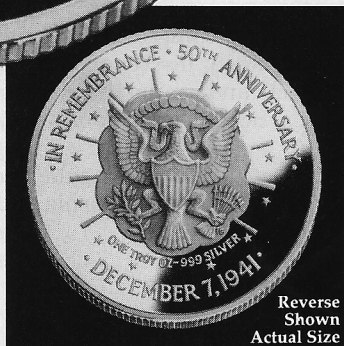
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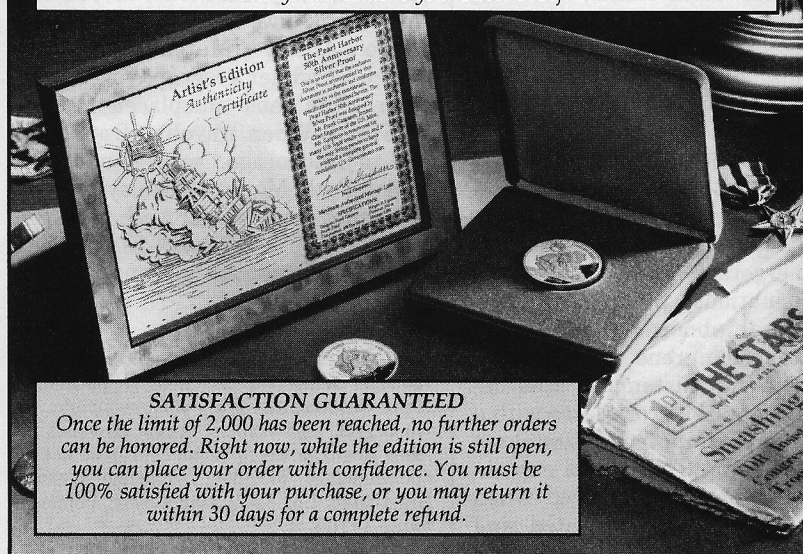
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Reviewing Our Arithmetic

"Forgotten Forty-Niners" by JoAnn Levy [January/February 1992 issue] was a most informative and enjoyable article. I have been researching the role of women in the California Gold Rush and was very impressed by not only the numerous examples that Levy cites but also by the wonderful daguerreotype photos.

I did, however, discover a minor discrepancy in the article. On the first page, Ms. Levy writes: "... so-called respectable women outnumbered prostitutes in California, even in 1850, by four to one. While 25 percent represents a large number, even if not in this instance a 'respectable' one, it is far from a majority."

Well, I am an old math teacher, and I think this is incorrect. If the respectable women outnumbered the prostitutes by four to one, that would be a total of five persons. One person out of a group of five is 20 percent, not 25 percent.

Hope I'm not nit-picking too much here, but I think small discrepancies in a factual article undermine the authority of that article, even if in only a minor way.

Janet McDonald
Orange, California

Pharmacological Cause for Witch Hysteria?

Larry Gragg's "Under an Evil Hand" [March/April 1992 issue] engages the reader in events that led to the hysteria of Salem witch hunts; however, the article raises a question: Was there a pharmacological cause for the "afflictions" in those accused of the "insidious practice of witchcraft"?

Ergotamine poisoning (the alkaloid from which the indolamine called LSD is derived) may result from eating grain that has been spoiled by fungi. Symptoms in patients suffering from ergotism range from spasms to hallucinations, pseudo-psychosis, cerebrospinal abnormalities, and a kind of dry gangrene. The time of year when the "distemper" was observed in early 1692 correlates with a consumption of improperly-stored rye tainted by ergot. This would explain why the "afflictions" resolved when the accused were incarcerated and

ate grain from different stores.

Did Mr. Gragg uncover any evidence to substantiate a pharmacological cause?

C. Marcus Parr
Oakland, California

Professor Gragg responds: "The most rigorous effort to determine a pharmacological cause for the afflictions suffered in 1692 can be found in two articles in Science magazine in 1976. Researchers Nicholas P. Spanos and Jack Gottlieb demonstrated that the afflicted were not suffering from the ergot poisoning mentioned in C. Marcus Parr's letter. In response to an article by Linnda Caporeal, Spanos and Gottlieb examined the 112 extant depositions submitted in the Salem cases for symptoms of convulsive ergotism. Other than the afflicted girls, they found only twenty-one people who reported even one symptom of convulsive ergotism: vomiting, diarrhea, livid skin color, sensations of heat or cold, muscular contractions, severe itching, convulsions, ravenous appetite after convulsions, or death. Almost 80 percent reported none of the symptoms. Short of a new study, the obvious conclusion, then, is that the Salem witch crisis did not resemble an epidemic of ergotism."

Mount McKinley Misplaced

As a new subscriber, I am enjoying many hours reading very interesting bits of history. However, in reading "Alaska's New Deal Colonists" by Annie Alpert [March/April 1992 issue], I find her geography a little in error. She has misplaced Mount McKinley. When traveling from Seward to Anchorage, you do not pass Denali Park. Mount McKinley is about 130 miles northwest of Anchorage.

Robert J. Kirkpatrick
Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania

The editors welcome comments from our readers. While we endeavor to publish a representative sampling of correspondence, we regret that limited space prevents us from printing every letter. Address correspondence to "Mailbox," American History Illustrated, Box 8200, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17105. ★

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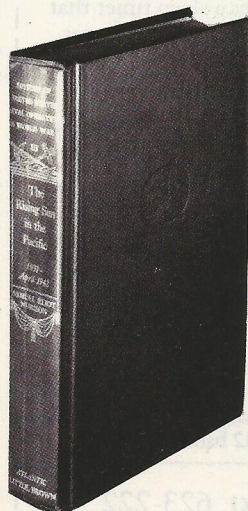
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History Today

International Celebration Marks Northwest Maritime Bicentennial

The states of Washington and Oregon are joining with the Canadian province of British Columbia to mark the two-hundredth anniversary of the 1792 voyages on which American merchant captain Robert Gray became the first non-native to sail into the Columbia River; British naval officer George Vancouver explored and charted Puget Sound; Spanish naval officer Salvador Fidalgo built the first European settlement in Washington; and during which Native Americans of the region encountered these visitors.

In Vancouver, Washington, the Center for Columbia River History hosts during May 1-3 the "Great River of the West" conference to provide a starting point for advances in understanding the mighty Columbia.

During May 9-11, a replica of the *Lady Washington*, sister ship to Gray's *Columbia Rediviva* and partner in her Northwest exploration ventures, will re-enact Gray's May 1792 entrance into the elusive "River of the West," with additional commemorations at various Columbia River ports.

Farther north, the "Wake of the Explorers," a longboat expedition co-sponsored by the Discovery Reenactment Society of British Columbia, the Pure Sound Society, and the Washington State Historical Society, will re-create charting voyages by British and Spanish explorers on Puget Sound during the summer of 1792.

Bicentennial museum exhibits include "This Noble River: Captain Gray and the Columbia River," at the Columbia River Maritime Museum in Astoria, Oregon from May 9 to November 29 [see page 18]; "Adventure and Encounter: Captain Gray on the Columbia," a traveling exhibition that will tour Oregon and southern Washington; "Cartography of Exploration," a private collection of regional maps as well as materials from the Washington State Historical Society on view at that Tacoma institution from August to December; and "Vancouver's Mariners" at the Vancouver Maritime Museum in British Columbia through September.

For a complete listing of bicentennial events in Oregon contact the

Columbia River Bicentennial Commission, Oregon Historical Center, 1230 Southwest Park Avenue, Portland 97205; 503-222-1741. For events in Washington contact Garry Schalliol, Bicentennial Coordinator, Washington State Historical Society, 315 North Stadium Way, Tacoma 98403; 206-593-2830. For events in British Columbia contact Eric Burkle, Events Coordinator, Ministry of Provincial Secretary, 1117 Wharf Street, Victoria, V8W 2Z2; 604-356-9459.

Steamboat Museum Exhibits Long-Buried Artifacts

Kansas City's historic City Market is the site of the new 30,000-square-foot Arabia Steamboat Museum, repository for more than 150 tons of artifacts recovered from the *Great White Arabia*, a 171-foot-long sidewheeler that went down in the Missouri River while en route to Omaha City, Nebraska on September 5, 1856.

Repeated flooding altered the course of the Missouri during the past 135 years, eventually leaving the *Arabia* buried beneath a farmer's field a half-mile from the present-day river. A technologically advanced system of water pumps—unavailable to previous salvage efforts—made possible the privately funded excavation of the *Arabia*, which lay beneath thousands of cubic yards of sand and a "river" of ground water.

A supply ship for the frontier settlements, the *Arabia* carried a wide assortment of ordinary and luxury items that included four thousand leather boots and shoes; one hundred pairs of India rubber overshoes; sixty-three different styles of writing pens; more than one thousand pieces of china; sixty-five bolts of fabric; building supplies; domestic and personal items; and food. The museum features an authentically appointed full-scale replica of the *Arabia's* deck; re-creations of period stores displaying the wide variety of recovered goods; and a working conservation laboratory that provides visitors with a close-up look at the task of preserving and restoring the collection.

For more information contact Arabia Steamboat Museum, 400 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri 64106; 816-471-4030.

Armed Forces Radio Fifty Years Old

The Armed Forces Radio and Television Service (AFRTS), an operating element of the Department of Defense, is commemorating its fiftieth year of broadcasting to U.S. service members overseas. On May 26, 1942 the United States War Department officially established the Armed Forces Radio Service (AFRS) to give military personnel abroad a "touch of home and to combat Axis Sally and Tokyo Rose." Because of its proximity to tal-



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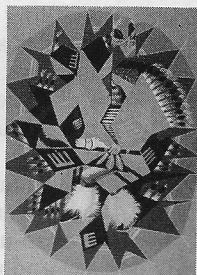


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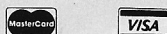


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ent and broadcast facilities, Los Angeles was selected as headquarters for AFRS, which provided program services, short-wave programs, and broadcasting equipment to overseas areas. By 1945 about three hundred AFRS radio stations were scattered all over the world. The number of stations has expanded and contracted periodically depending on U.S. involvement abroad; today more than five hundred such outlets provide U.S. news, sports, command information, and entertainment to overseas military personnel and their families. The service was expanded to include television programming in 1954.

Custer Battlefield Renamed

President George Bush has signed into law a bill changing the name of Custer Battlefield National Monument to Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument, emphasizing the geographical location of the 1876 Montana engagement between the U.S. Cavalry commanded by General George Armstrong Custer and Sioux and Cheyenne warriors rather than singling out one participant. The cemetery where troops who died in the famous battle are buried will continue to be known as Custer National Cemetery.

Introduced by Representative Ben Nighthorse Campbell of Colorado, the only Native American member of Congress, the legislation recognizes that the Native American participants in the battle were fighting for what they believed was rightfully theirs. It represents, Campbell said, "what America is about—basic fairness."

The law also authorizes creation of a memorial at the battlefield commemorating the Native Americans who fought at the Little Bighorn. Separate legislation is required to authorize funds for the long-sought memorial.

"Save Outdoor Sculpture" Program Announced

A three-year nationwide campaign to identify and ultimately protect outdoor sculpture—"the orphans of the art world"—from the effects of weather, pollution, vandalism, and neglect was recently announced by its sponsors, the National Museum of

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American Art and the National Institute for the Conservation of Cultural Property. The Save Outdoor Sculpture! (SOS!) program is one of the largest cultural volunteer projects ever undertaken in the United States and will enlist as many as 25,000 volunteers to locate, inventory, and assess the condition of the nation's thousands of public sculptures, ranging from eighteenth-century Revolutionary War heroes to abstract contemporary artworks. The accumulated data will be fed into the computer database at the National Museum of American Art to create a permanent, comprehensive record that will be available to scholars, conservators, and anyone with an interest in sculpture. Pilot projects, funded by the Henry Luce Foundation, are already under way in Tennessee, West Virginia, and Illinois.

For more information contact SOS!, National Institute for the Conservation of Cultural Property, 3299 K Street NW, #403, Washington, D.C. 20007; 202-625-1495.

Plan to Save Louisiana Plantation

If the Formosa Plastics Company can satisfy the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's concerns that a proposed \$700-million rayon plant in Baton Rouge, Louisiana will not further endanger the already overtaxed ecosystem of the region, Whitney Plantation, a pre-1803 sugar and rice plantation adjoining the Mississippi River, may be the unlikely beneficiary. Among the buildings still standing on the plantation are the main house—one of the few surviving raised houses of Louisiana's colonial era; the last remaining Creole-style barn in the state; and a 1790 kitchen, possibly Louisiana's oldest.

The Taiwanese plastics company provided a grant of \$180,000 to Louisiana State University to conduct a survey of the plantation and its thirty-two extant buildings. The report recommended that a forty-acre parcel (out of the 1,300 acres held by the company) be set aside and protected from the industrial complex by a two-hundred-foot treed buffer zone. Further recommendations, to which the company agreed in principle, call for restoration of the buildings and creation of an outdoor museum that would interpret Louisiana Creole plantation life and culture.

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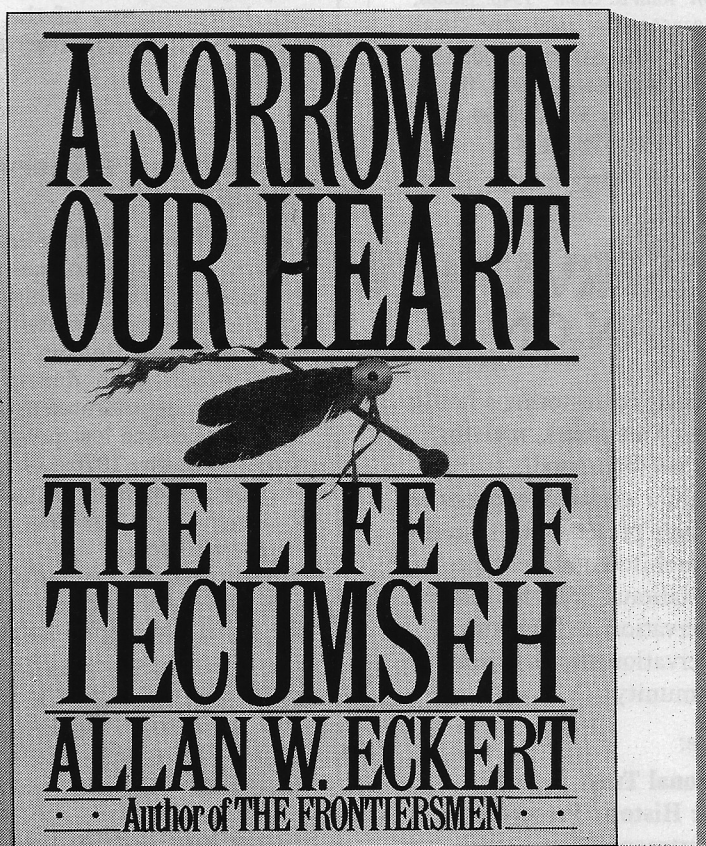
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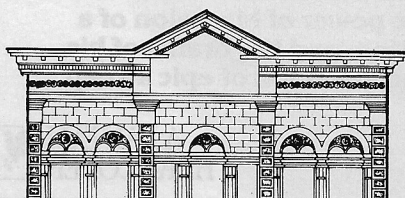
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Quartermaster Cache Uncovered

Workers renovating a century-old building that once served as the Quartermaster Warehouse for Fort Robinson near Crawford, Nebraska recently uncovered a rich cache of U.S. Cavalry-related artifacts, apparently disposed of by the army in a small crawl space between the structure's floor and foundation.

While some of the recovered pieces may date from as early as the 1870s, the majority are from 1890-1910. In addition to the obvious military items, the trove includes a wide assortment of period building hardware, much in its original packaging.

Established in 1874, Fort Robinson—now a branch of the Nebraska State Historical Society—was an active military post through World War II. Curator Thomas R. Buecker characterizes the thousands of military and commercial pieces recovered as a “very significant find . . . [that] gives us a better picture of the types of things people used in everyday life at the Fort.”

Penitentiary Preservation Sought

The Preservation Coalition—an alliance of preservation, prison, and neighborhood groups in Philadelphia—seeks to save Eastern State Penitentiary from falling completely to ruin. The radial-design prison, built during 1823-36, has steadily deteriorated at its Cherry Hill site since the last prisoners were moved out in the 1970s. Plans call for development of a management plan for its long-term use once the structure is stabilized.

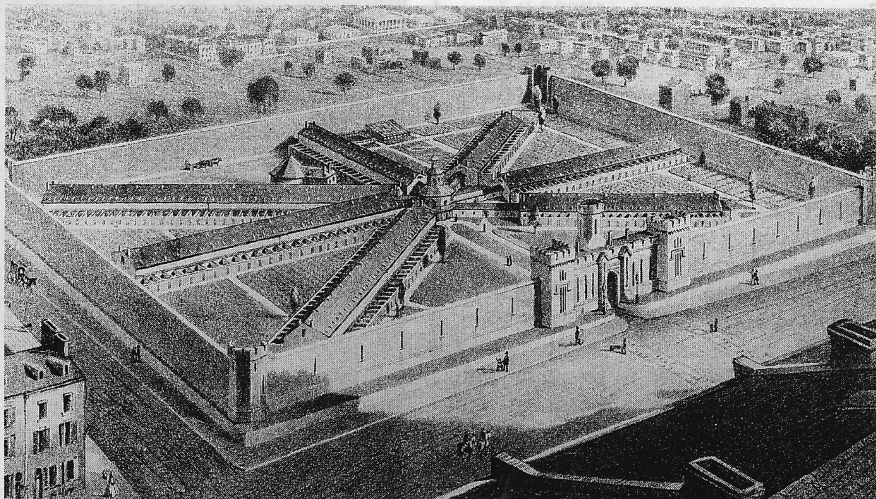
Eastern State Penitentiary represents a school of early nineteenth-century penal philosophy known as the

“separate” or “Pennsylvania system” that called for complete isolation of prisoners, with each inmate working, eating, and sleeping in his own cell. While this system never really caught on in the U.S., Eastern State—built with seven rows of cells that radiated out like spokes of a wheel from the administrative center—served as prototype for more than five hundred prisons around the world.

Proposed Copyright Law Seen as Problem

Film preservationists and documentary filmmakers are leading opposition to new copyright legislation that they fear will result in the loss of access to films and prints that otherwise would come into the public domain, and even to the physical deterioration of many such films due to lack of preservation. Opponents of the Copyright Amendments Act of 1991 are encouraging citizens to write to their members of the House of Representatives and Senate before the bill, HR2372, can become law.

Under current law, a film copyright is granted for a period of twenty-eight years. Copyright holders then have one year in which to apply for a forty-seven-year extension, making a total copyright period of seventy-five years. If application is not made within the year, the copyrighted material is considered abandoned and falls into the public domain. Under the proposed legislation, the forty-seven-year extension would automatically apply. Opponents—who include filmmaker Ken Burns and Dr. Jan-Christopher Horak, senior curator of the film collections at George Eastman House—point out that nearly half of copyrighted films are in fact abandoned by the time the initial



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copyright runs out. They maintain that thousands of these films will be lost to posterity under the proposed legislation, because interested filmmakers and preservationists who could save the deteriorating materials will be denied access to them.

For more information contact Larry Urbanski, P.O. Box 438, Orland Park, Illinois 60462; 708-460-9082.

Archaeological Recreation Area Proposed

Federal, state, and local agencies are cooperating in the development of an archaeological recreation area at Casa Malpais, an important prehistoric site near Springerville, Arizona that could attract visitors to the economically depressed region both to view the ruins and to take advantage of planned recreational attractions that will include hiking trails and picnic facilities.

A thirteenth- and fourteenth-century community occupied by up to eight hundred inhabitants, Casa Malpais represents one of the largest and most significant archaeological sites in this portion of the American

Southwest. The ruin is notable for its impressive and rare stonework reflecting various kinds of architecture built with native basalt rock. Among its outstanding features are the "Great Kiva," a nearly-fifty-foot-square central religious meeting place, and the unique natural underground vaults used both for religious activities and as burial crypts. Plans call for continued archaeological investigation, stabilization of the ruins, construction of a visitor center, and initiation of a participatory archaeology program.

For more information contact Casa Malpais Archaeological Project, P.O. Box 390, Springerville, Arizona 85938; 602-333-5375.

Foundation to Return Ritual Objects

Elizabeth Sackler of New York City has established the American Indian Ritual Object Repatriation Foundation to "act as a conduit to collectors, foundations, art dealers and individuals who would like to participate in the return of sacred ritual and ceremonial objects to the American Indian nations to whom they belong."

The foundation hopes to accomplish its aim by providing tax relief to donors, engaging in or supporting research to determine to whom the objects should be returned, and educating the public about the significance of these objects to Native Americans.

The idea for the foundation came to Sackler after she purchased three masks at a Sotheby's auction in New York last year and returned them to the tribes from which they had originated. One of the masks was identified as Navajo, while two were *kachinas*, considered by the Hopi of the Southwest to be Life Spirit—sacred objects rather than works of art.

For more information contact American Indian Ritual Object Repatriation Foundation, 461 East 57th Street, New York City 10022; 212-980-5400.

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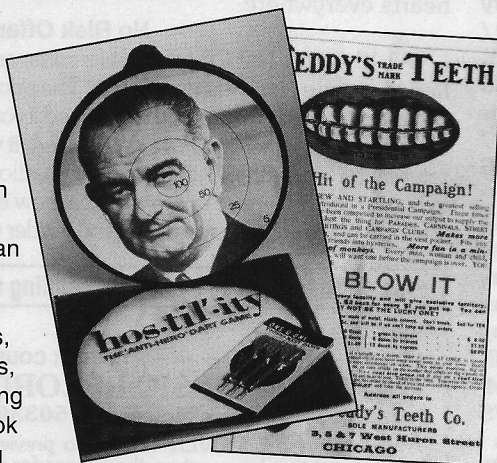
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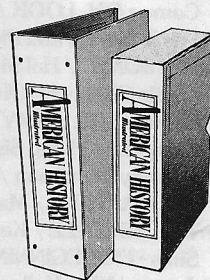
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mission has refurbished and rededicated the graffiti-marred monument in Brooklyn, New York's Prospect Park. Designed by Sanford White and erected in 1895, the monument recalls the four hundred Maryland troops who fought to protect the flank of George Washington's forces in the 1776 Battle of Long Island during the American Revolution.

Established in 1988, the Commission already has restored more than twenty-five monuments and is working with local historical societies, the National Park Service, and veterans' groups to identify and evaluate memorials within Maryland and at sites in other states.

For more information contact the Maryland Military Monuments Commission, c/o Secretary of State's Office, 16 Francis Street, Annapolis, Maryland 21401.

Artist's Home Restored

The first phase in restoring American artist William Sidney Mount's Stony Brook, New York home—perhaps the best-documented example of American vernacular architecture before the advent of photography—is under

way and scheduled for completion by December.

Now part of the Museums at Stony Brook complex, the earliest portions of the house date from about 1725 and were built by Mount's grandfather. When his father died in 1814, William, then seven years old, moved with his mother, sister, and three brothers to the family homestead, where he resided and maintained a studio for most of his life. The Museums' collections include a wealth of paintings and sketches by William, his brother Shepard, and their niece Evelina depicting the dwelling as it appeared between 1830 and the early 1880s. Extensive written documentation generated by family members completes this unique pictorial record.

For more information contact the Museums at Stony Brook, 1208 Route 25A, Stony Brook, New York 11790; 516-751-0066.

Excavations at Edison's Boyhood Home

Following completion of a series of archaeological digs on the site of

Thomas Alva Edison's boyhood home overlooking the St. Clair River in Port Huron, Michigan, plans are being made to build a museum that will interpret the inventor's family, his years in the community, and his later accomplishments; nineteenth-century Port Huron; and military life at nearby Fort Gratiot.

The large two-story frame house occupied by the Edison family from 1854 until the government requisitioned it for use as a hospital ten years later, was destroyed by fire in 1870. Documentary and cartographic evidence pinpointed the approximate location of the house, whose remains first were probed by a preliminary dig in 1976. Purchased by Port Huron in 1979, the site has yielded more than 200,000 artifacts, including remnants of Edison's basement laboratory where he first conducted chemical and electrical experiments, and more than two hundred pieces of printer's type he used to print his own newspaper, the *Weekly Herald*.

For more information contact Museum of Arts and History, 1115 Sixth Street, Port Huron, Michigan 48060; 313-982-0891. ★

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Originally named Jeff Davis, Traveller was Lee's favorite mount. Traveller died in 1871, and is buried close to his master at Washington and Lee University.

American Gallery

This Noble River: Captain Gray and the Columbia

The title for this major exhibition at the Columbia River Maritime Museum in Astoria, Oregon is taken from an account of Captain Robert Gray's historic 1792 entry into the river he named for his ship, the *Columbia Rediviva*. John Boit, fifth officer of the *Columbia*, recorded in his journal that "we directed our course up this noble river in search of a village." Using artifacts, documents, and text, the exhibit explores the Columbia's history by examining eighteenth-century maritime exploration and trade; the two Northwest coast voyages of Gray and fellow trader Captain John Kendrick; the lifeways and trading patterns of the Native Americans who inhabited the region on Gray's arrival; the effects of the new contacts on the indigenous peoples; and the consequences of these voyages on the region and the nation as a whole. Co-sponsored by the Maritime Museum, the Columbia River Bicentennial Commission, and National Park Service, the exhibition opens on May 9 and continues through November 29. For more information telephone 503-325-2323.

Tools of the Trade

One hundred objects used by teachers, doctors, homemakers, carpenters, farmers, and photographers

from the late eighteenth century to the late 1940s are on display at the Chester County Historical Society in West Chester, Pennsylvania. The exhibit, which continues through May, explores how changing technology influenced the design and function of tools used in many different trades. Featured items include a Civil War surgeon's kit, early obstetrical equipment, blood-letting apparatus, and a rare eighteenth-century medical chest that reflect changes in the practice of medicine; Pennock's Patent Seed and Grain Planter, a fairly complicated mechanism patented in the 1850s that planted and fertilized seed at the same time; a nineteenth-century daguerreotype camera used by Chester County photographer George Cope; and an orrery—a mechanical model of the solar system—used by students to study the movements of the planets. For more information telephone 215-692-4800.

Discovering America: The Peopling of Pennsylvania

The State Museum of Pennsylvania in Harrisburg and the Balch Institute for Ethnic Studies in Philadelphia are commemorating the Christopher Columbus quincentenary with a collaborative exhibition that will continue at the state facility through June before moving to Philadelphia

for a five-year stay. The exhibit is divided into six roughly chronological sections that trace Pennsylvania's settlement and development from its native inhabitants through the present day. Installations such as a Korean grocery, a Slovak-American kitchen, sections of a South Philadelphia market, and the interiors of an Italian-owned shoe store and a black American catering business are a few of the displays that re-create the everyday worlds of the Commonwealth's rich ethnic population. For more information telephone 717-787-4978.

"Come All You Gallant Heroes": The World of the Revolutionary Soldier

The opening stanza of a 1777 patriotic song that promises to tell the truth "concerning many a soldier that for his country fell" provides the title for this exhibition showing at the Fraunces Tavern Museum in New York City until August 14. The truth about the common soldier of the American Revolution is a story of hardship and privation—food shortages, ragtag uniforms, and inadequate housing that often left the troops hungry, cold, and exposed to the elements. Using period artifacts such as weapons, necessary pieces of military equipment, and rare surviving clothing and personal effects, along with specially designed graphic and interactive exhibits, the display chronicles the origins and experiences of the lower ranks of the Continental Army; the changes in composition of the troops as the conflict dragged on; the promises made by recruiters to secure enlistments; the day-to-day life that awaited those who signed up; and the stories of people—women, children, and blacks—who are not normally included in treatments of the subject. For more information telephone 212-425-1778.

Visions of Washington Irving

More than fifty eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings at the Hudson River Museum of Westchester in Yonkers, New York



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celebrate Washington Irving's achievement as the first American writer to win international acclaim. Drawn from the historic properties administered by Historic Hudson Valley—including Irving's Sunnyside—the landscapes, portraits, historical subjects, book illustrations, and sculpture explore the heritage and scenic beauty of the Hudson Valley that Irving knew and loved. Representative artists include Gilbert Stuart, Charles Willson Peale, John Wollaston, John Quidor, and George Inness. For more information on the exhibit, which runs until June 21, telephone 914-963-4550.

Cattle Ranchers: An Arizona Legacy

An exhibit at the Arizona Hall of Fame Museum in Phoenix uses period photographs, sculpture, ranch art, and authentic ranch equipment to tell the story of cattle ranching in the state from the arrival of the first large herds in the 1870s to the present day. Told from the perspective of those who staked all they had in the land, the display, on view through September, examines such themes as the quest for sufficient water, a ranch's most important resource; the experiences of women ranchers; and the role people such as Henry Clay Day and his descendants have played in Arizona's ranching history since the late nineteenth century. For more information telephone 602-255-2110.

I Believe: Evangelicalism in Southern Urban Culture

The Valentine Museum in Richmond, Virginia presents until September 7 an exhibition that explores evangelicalism—the belief that salvation is attained through personal experience of God without the mediation of the clergy—as a major force in shaping the Southern experience in America from the eighteenth-century Great Awakening to present-day “televangelists.” The exhibit, which features a wide array of artifacts and extensive use of audio-visual components, examines “from a social history standpoint, the world-view of people who hold evangelical beliefs and how this translates into a unique characteristic of the South.” Among the items on display are numerous historic photographs and artworks; the 1786

Statute for Religious Freedom sponsored by Thomas Jefferson; music and prayer books; religious tracts; church furnishings; temperance, civil rights, and political materials; and mementos from camp meetings and revivals. For more information telephone 804-649-0711.

Sailing for Pleasure: The History of New England Yachting

A new permanent exhibition at the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts explores the significance of yachting in New England from 1816 (when America's first yacht, *Cleopatra's Barge*, was launched in Salem) to the present day with its fleets of sailboats filling local harbors. One major gallery focuses on *Cleopatra's Barge* and includes artifacts from the famous yacht as well as a full-scale reconstruction of her richly appointed main salon. Other displays document the early years of American yachting; the adaptation of workboat design to pleasure craft; the growth of yacht racing as an international sport; efforts to refine yacht design; and the growth and role of yacht clubs. Items on exhibit include the tiller from the historic yacht *America*, numerous half-hull and antique yacht models, trophies, paintings, and photographs. For more information telephone 508-745-1876.

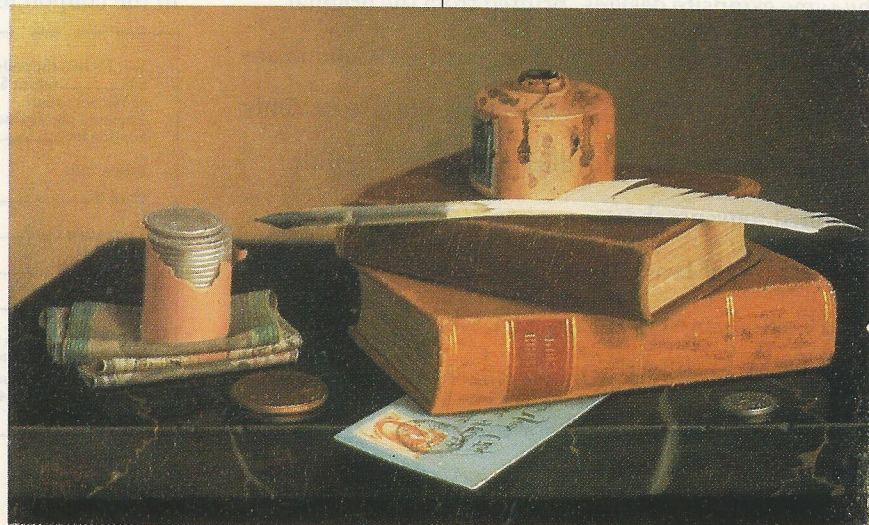
William M. Harnett

The first comprehensive showing of artist William Harnett's works is on view at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art until June 14. Born in Ireland in 1848, Harnett began his

career as a silver engraver, but by 1875 turned to painting as a full-time occupation, becoming leader of the late nineteenth-century American school of *trompe-l'oeil* painting, a style in the tradition of the realistic still lifes of seventeenth-century Dutch artists. Grouping everyday objects such as guns, pipes, books, musical instruments, and currency around a common theme, Harnett depicted them in meticulous detail that gives the illusion of photographic reality. For more information telephone 212-879-5500.

I Dream a World: Portraits of Black Women Who Changed America

Seventy-five large-scale black-and-white portraits by Pulitzer Prize-winning photojournalist Brian Lanker celebrating black women who have made a significant difference in American life are on display at the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Nebraska until June 28. In undertaking this two-year project to photograph representatives of all walks of life from all sections of the country, Lanker hoped to increase awareness of the vast contribution black women make to this country and society—women who “dreamed of a world not only better for themselves but for generations to come . . . where character and ability matter, not color or gender.” Included are civil rights pioneer Rosa Parks; former Texas congresswoman Barbara Jordan; Alice Walker, author of *The Color Purple*; Coretta Scott King, widow of the slain civil rights leader; television host Oprah Winfrey; and Metropolitan Opera star Leontyne Price. For more information telephone 402-342-2376. ★



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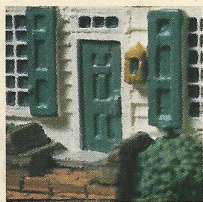
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History Bookshelf

Columbia's River: The Voyages of Robert Gray, 1787-1793

On May 11, 1792, the three-masted *Columbia Rediviva* of Boston, commanded by fur trader Captain Robert Gray, sailed across the Columbia River bar and became the first ship of any nation to enter the long-sought "River of the West." In this authoritative work, based on research in previously untapped eighteenth-century logs and manuscripts, author J. Richard Nokes documents Gray's two Pacific voyages—including the first round-the-world passage by an American vessel—and points out the ultimate significance of his fur-trading ventures and discoveries in encouraging American expansion from the Atlantic to the Pacific and in helping to secure the Pacific Northwest for the United States.

By J. Richard Nokes (*Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma, 1991; 352 pages, illustrated, \$39.95 hardcover, \$24.95 paper*).

You Always Think of Home: A Portrait of Clay County, Alabama

Excerpts from one hundred taped interviews that author Pamela Grundy conducted with residents of Clay County, Alabama during 1987-88 comprise this portrait of the economically depressed region that produced personalities as diverse as Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black and Ku Klux Klan Imperial Wizard Hiram Evans. Complemented by brief es-

says and the striking photographs of Ken Elkins, the words of county inhabitants recount the hardships of low incomes, rocky farmland, and prejudice, and the joys of family, music, staunch religious faith, and the beauty of nature.

By Pamela Grundy (*The University of Georgia Press, Athens, 1991; 286 pages, illustrated, \$29.95*).

The Oregon Trail/ The Conspiracy of Pontiac

Two classic works by nineteenth-century historian Francis Parkman appear here in a single volume by the Library of America. In *The Oregon Trail*, his first and most famous work, Parkman recounts his 1846 journey from St. Louis to Fort Laramie, Wyoming, vividly describing his encounters along the way with trappers and woodsmen, gamblers and speculators, and great tribes of Native Americans who still lived as they had for centuries. *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* tells of the downfall of the frontier's original inhabitants and the conquest of their territory. First published in 1851, this narrative uses letters, journals, reports, newspaper accounts, and dispatches dating from the French and Indian War, as well as Parkman's own experiences on the frontier, to chronicle the events surrounding Ottawa chief Pontiac's rebellion against the British during the 1760s.

By Francis Parkman (*Library of*

America, New York City, 1991; 951 pages, \$35.00).

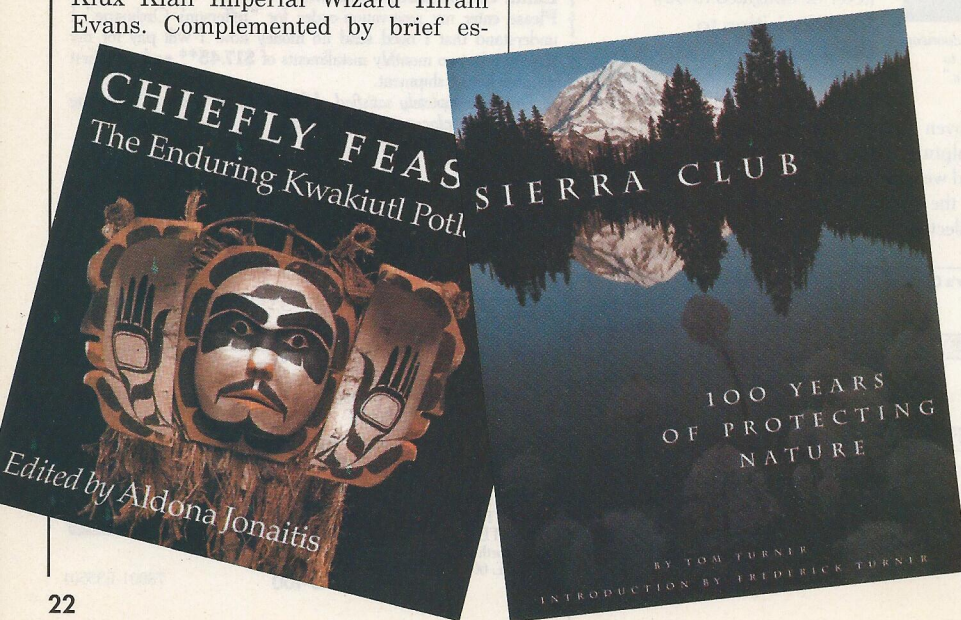
V for Victory: America's Home Front During World War II

The United States was the only major participant in World War II whose home territory did not suffer massive destruction. But in this pictorial review Stan Cohen shows how—despite their escape from the bombing and ground fighting that reduced so much of the world to rubble—America's citizens at home nevertheless were affected greatly by and involved in the conflict. Hundreds of artifacts illustrate the war's influence on almost every aspect of the average American's life, while period photographs provide a record of how the men, women, and children on the home front participated in production of war materiel; bought billions of dollars in war bonds; practiced civilian defense; provided support and comfort for those called to go abroad to fight; and made numerous sacrifices in their standard of living so that the war might be brought to a successful conclusion.

By Stan Cohen (*Pictorial Histories Publishing Company, Missoula, Montana, 1991; 408 pages, illustrated, \$29.95 paper*).

Chiefly Feasts: The Enduring Kwakiutl Potlatch

Aldona Jonaitis edited this lavishly illustrated catalog to accompany a recent American Museum of Natural History exhibition that highlighted the remarkable collection of Kwakiutl potlatch objects gathered for the New York museum between 1895 and 1905 by Franz Boas and George Hunt. Scholarly essays, extended captions, and more than eighty historic photographs complement the pictured masks, headdresses, blankets, coppers, feast dishes, and other ceremonial objects used by the Kwakiutl Indians of northern Vancouver Island and the nearby Canadian mainland in festive gatherings where guests witnessed important milestones in their host's life and



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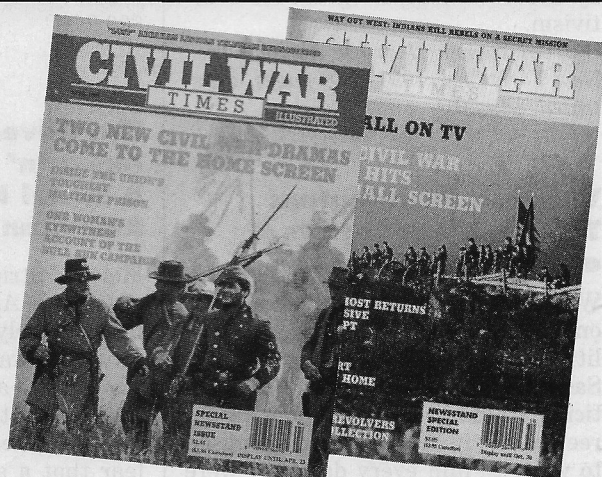
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then were repaid with gifts confirming his status in the community.

Edited by Aldona Jonaitis (University of Washington, Seattle/American Museum of Natural History, New York, 1991; 217 pages, illustrated, \$60.00).

Sierra Club: 100 Years of Protecting Nature

On June 4, 1892 a new wilderness preservation organization—the Sierra Club—was legally incorporated “to explore, enjoy, and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast; to publish authentic information concerning them; and to enlist the support and cooperation of the people and government in preserving the forests and other natural features of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.” In this centenary salute to the Sierra Club, Tom Turner traces the history of the now-nationwide environmental organization from its beginning with 182 charter members under John Muir, its first president, to today’s membership of more than six hundred thousand, and highlights the group’s major triumphs and losses in its campaign to save America’s natural spaces. Three hundred photographs by leading nature photographers depict the national parks, forests, and wilderness areas saved by the Sierra Club’s grass-roots activism.

By Tom Turner (Harry N. Abrams, Inc., New York City, 1991; 288 pages, illustrated, \$49.50).

Wartime Washington: The Civil War Letters of Elizabeth Blair Lee

When Elizabeth Blair, a member of one of America’s most prominent political families, married naval officer Samuel Phillips Lee in 1843, she anticipated the long separations his career would necessitate and promised to write to him every day they were apart. In the course of the couple’s fifty-four-year marriage, Elizabeth penned thousands of letters, which were saved thoughtfully by her husband and preserved by their descendants. For this collection Virginia Jeans Laas has selected and annotated 368 of the more than nine hundred written during the Civil War years. An intelligent and astute woman, Elizabeth was interested keenly in the events of the day. Living just across the street from the White



House in Washington, D.C., she was acquainted with many of the nation’s most influential men and their families. The correspondence offers not only an intimate picture of the Lee household, but also a “direct and immediate account of life during the United States’ greatest crisis.”

Edited by Virginia Jeans Laas (University of Illinois Press, Urbana-Champaign, 1991; 552 pages, illustrated, \$39.95).

The Adventures of Amos 'n' Andy: A Social History of an American Phenomenon

Melvin Patrick Ely wrote this history of *Amos 'n' Andy*—for many years the most widely listened-to show on American radio—“to rediscover and understand a monument of American popular entertainment, which for years has been hidden from view for fear that a second look will inflame emotions and upset our comfortable view of ourselves.” Created, written, and performed by two white men—Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll—*Amos 'n' Andy* had its origins in the old blackface minstrel traditions. Featuring the adventures of two Southern black men making a new life in a Northern city, it attracted huge listening audiences during the 1930s and '40s. Growing numbers of listeners, however, objected to what they perceived as racial stereotypes

in the portrayal of the characters. In documenting the changing social perceptions of *Amos 'n' Andy*, Ely also traces the evolution of an American society that gradually grew less and less comfortable with the most obvious flaw in its democratic order—the color line.

By Melvin Patrick Ely (The Free Press, New York City, 1991; 322 pages, illustrated, \$22.95).

Converting the West: A Biography of Narcissa Whitman

In this biography of Narcissa Whitman, who with her husband Marcus was a pioneer missionary to the Cayuse Indians in the Oregon Territory during 1836-47, Julie Roy Jeffrey attempts to present not only the assumptions and imperatives of the Whitmans and other nineteenth-century children of the Great Awakening who traveled west to save the “heathen savages,” but also the perspective of the native peoples they sought to convert. Born in western New York in 1805, Narcissa embraced the burgeoning evangelical missionary movement but, when given the opportunity, failed to bridge the cultural barriers that separated her from the native population. When the threat posed by growing numbers of emigrants became apparent to the Cayuse, they sought remedy in murderous action against the most visible sign of the white man’s intrusion—the Whitmans and their mission.

By Julie Roy Jeffrey (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1991; 236 pages, illustrated, \$24.95).

A Question of Character: A Life of John F. Kennedy

In recent years disquieting revelations have surfaced about John F. Kennedy’s personal conduct that contradict the adulatory characterizations that followed his 1963 assassination. Thomas C. Reeves, a historian and Kennedy supporter in the 1960s, here reluctantly concludes that the gap between rhetoric and reality was indeed real. Raised to believe in success at all cost, the attractive and charming Kennedy also was “pragmatic to the point of amorality.” He “lacked greatness in large part because he lacked the qualities inherent in good character. . . . While he had ample courage and at times showed considerable

prudence, he was deficient in integrity, compassion, and temperance." Had Kennedy not died prematurely in Dallas, speculates Reeves, "the president's personal and official activities might have ruined [a] second term and brought the nation another kind of grief and mourning than that which tragically did ensue."

By Thomas C. Reeves (*The Free Press*, New York City, 1991; 510 pages, illustrated, \$24.95).

Dive Bomber: Learning to Fly the Navy's Fighting Planes

This memoir—a facsimile reprint of an autobiography first published in 1939—recounts the author's adventurous transition from groundling to naval aviator during the mid-1930s. Pilots in the prewar Navy learned to fly everything from lumbering multi-engined seaplanes to agile single-seat fighters; Robert A. Winston had his share of exciting and sometimes terrifying encounters with fate as he learned the techniques of flying various aircraft as well as mastering cross-country navigation, instrument and night flying, dive- and torpedo-bombing, and carrier landings. *Fighting Squadron*, a companion volume also available as a facsimile edition, recounts the author's World War II combat experiences in the Pacific.

By Robert A. Winston (*Naval Institute Press*, Annapolis, 1991; 191 pages, illustrated, \$17.95).

Chesapeake and Ohio Canal

Those wishing to explore the 184-mile Chesapeake and Ohio (C&O) Canal that winds alongside the Potomac River from Georgetown near Washington, D.C. to Cumberland, Maryland will welcome this new National Park Service handbook. Both a guide and a history, the concise volume documents the construction (begun in 1828) and subsequent commercial operation of the "water highway" that, despite falling short of its original goal of connecting the Potomac and Ohio river valleys, was one of the nation's "most ambitious industrial experiments." Numerous photographs and specially commissioned artworks enhance the text.

(U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402-9325, 1991, illustrated; stock number 024-005-0107609, \$4.50). ★

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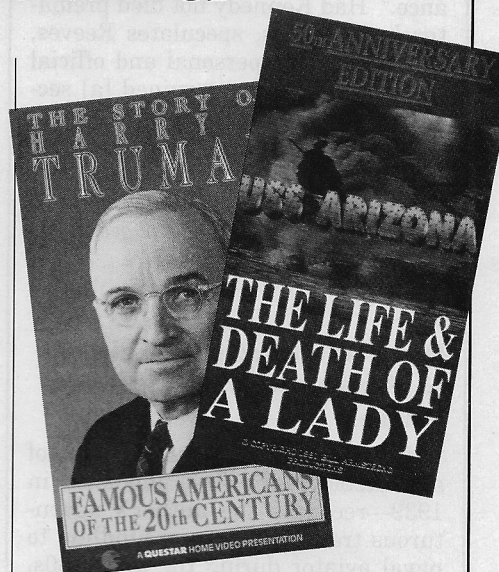
The Life and Death of a Lady

This video tribute to the USS *Arizona* and the more than one thousand crewmen who lost their lives on December 7, 1941 traces the history of the ill-fated battleship from her June 1915 launching in Brooklyn, New York to her tragic end at Pearl Harbor. Featured in the film are interviews with men who served aboard the *Arizona* as far back as 1924, and footage of her almost thirty years of service to the U.S. Navy, including such lighter moments as her role as "leading lady" in the 1934 production of "Here Comes the Navy" with Jimmy Cagney. The film also highlights a religious service held in a Japanese temple in Hawaii as a memorial to the war dead of both sides; the emotional visit to the Arizona Memorial by Zengi Abi, a former Japanese pilot who bombed the *Arizona*; and stirring underwater footage of the once-great warship's remains.

BAP, Inc., 15585 High Knoll Road, Encino, CA 91436, 213-654-5855; VHS, 40 minutes, \$25.00 plus \$3.00 shipping.

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This 1963 film biography of America's thirty-third president has been re-released on video as one of an eleven-volume "Famous Americans of the Twentieth Century" series. Period photographs and film footage, along with commentary by lawyer and author Louis Nizer, trace Harry S. Truman's presidency and document his role in the Allied victories in Europe and the Pacific; programs for rebuilding Europe and stopping the spread of Communism; the return to a peacetime economy; his surprise 1948 election victory; the first steps toward ending segregation and discrimination; and U.S. involvement in the Korean conflict. Viewed as a political "lightweight" when he assumed office following the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Truman subsequently earned widespread respect and a place in history as one of America's most important chief executives. Other volumes in this series tell the stories of Charles A. Lindbergh, Douglas MacArthur, Thomas A. Edi-



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Questar Video, P.O. Box 11345, Chicago, Illinois 60611, 800-633-5633; VHS, 55 minutes, \$29.95 plus \$4.50 shipping.

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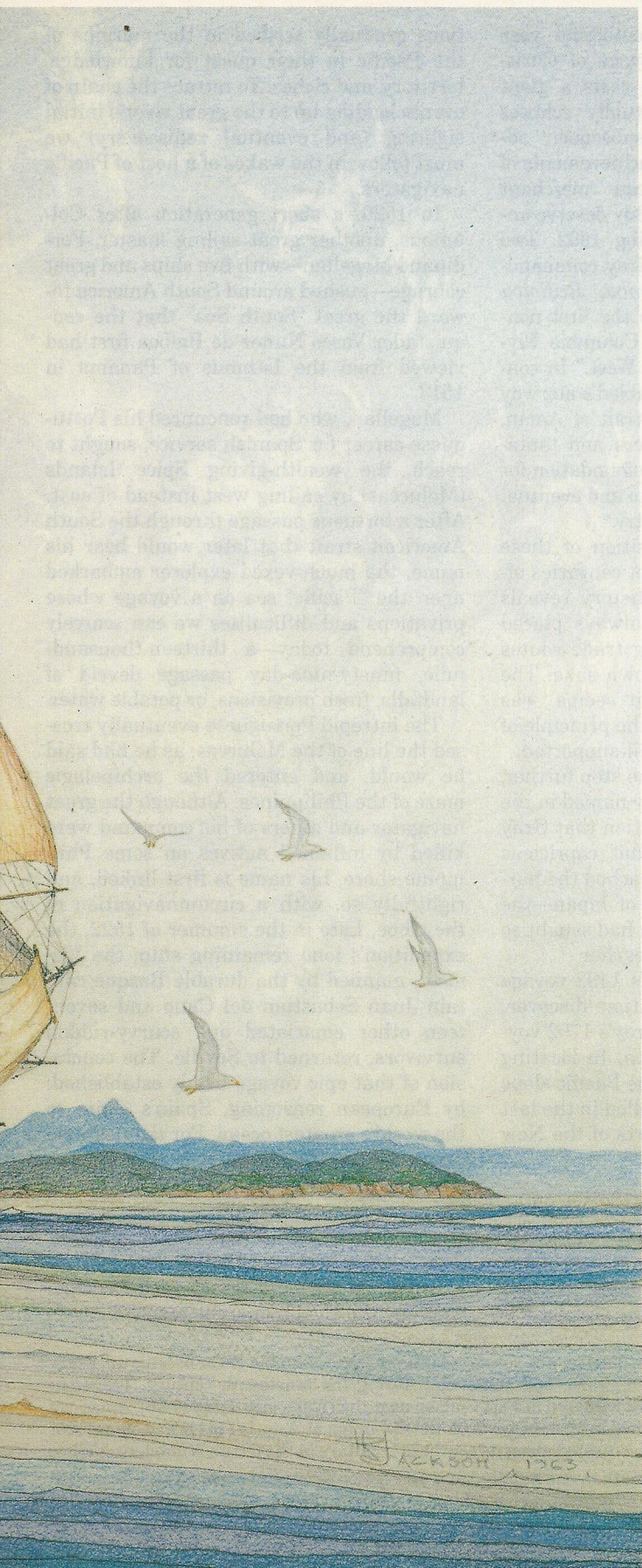
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Separated from European influence by Asia and the trackless Pacific in one direction and by the vast Atlantic and an imposing continental barrier in the other, America's Northwest Coast long remained one of earth's most isolated regions. Finally, during the late eighteenth century, far-ranging mariners seeking furs, new territories to exploit, and the legendary Northwest Passage penned in most of the gaps along the long-uncharted shores. This era of accelerated activity reached a zenith in May 1792 when American merchant captain Robert Gray confirmed the existence of one of the region's most elusive prizes—the great waterway that he named "Columbia's River."

River of the West

by Thomas Vaughan

Preceding pages: Artist Hewitt Jackson depicts Captain Robert Gray's "Columbia Rediviva" on the verge of a momentous event in Northwest history: the American fur trader's May 11, 1792 entry into the great river he later named after his ship. Locating the fabled "River of the West" was one of the culminating events in nearly three centuries of tracing out the boundaries of the Pacific. Here, heading south off Washington's coast, Gray has sailed to within a few miles of the Columbia's prominent northern headland, Cape Disappointment. Saddle Mountain, an Oregon landmark, looms beyond.

During this quinqucentennial year the epic 1492 voyage of Christopher Columbus casts a giant shadow that virtually eclipses the exploits of previous and subsequent adventurers. Nevertheless, the achievements of another pathfinder—American merchant captain Robert Gray—also richly deserve anniversary remembrance during 1992. Two hundred years ago this May, Gray, commanding the trading ship *Columbia Rediviva* ("Columbia Reborn"), became the first non-native mariner to enter the Columbia River—the elusive "River of the West." In confirming the existence of this fabled waterway (which, like the legendary Strait of Anian, long had intrigued mapmakers and tantalized explorers), Gray laid the foundation for subsequent American claims to and eventual possession of the Oregon country.*

The coincidental juxtaposition of these two discoverers from different centuries offers interesting parallels. History reveals that Gray, like Columbus, always placed more importance on opening trade routes than on exploration for its own sake. The basic drive for both men, it seems, was "goods" rather than "glory"; the principle of the flag following trade is well-supported.

To carry the association one step further, it was aboard a ship obviously named in the spirit of the Columbian tradition that Gray and his superior, a somewhat capricious John Kendrick, eventually reached the harbors of China and the shores of Japan—the very ports the Genoese Colon had sought so aggressively three centuries earlier.

Finally, just as Columbus's 1492 voyage opened an era of great maritime discoveries in the Americas, so did Gray's 1792 voyage virtually close that epoch. In locating the largest watercourse on the Pacific slope of the two continents, Gray filled in the last major void on mariners' charts of the New World.**

The three-hundred-year odyssey leading from Columbus's first landfall in the "Indies" to Gray's arrival off the "River of the West" was circuitous, with many fits and starts as mariners from a host of rival na-

tions gradually scribed in the margins of the Pacific in their quest for knowledge, territory, and riches. To retrace the chain of events leading up to the great river's initial sighting (and eventual rediscovery) we must follow in the wakes of a host of Pacific navigators.

In 1520, a short generation after Columbus, another great sailing master, Ferdinand Magellan—with five ships and great courage—pushed around South America toward the great "South Sea" that the conquistador Vasco Núñez de Balboa first had viewed from the Isthmus of Panama in 1513.

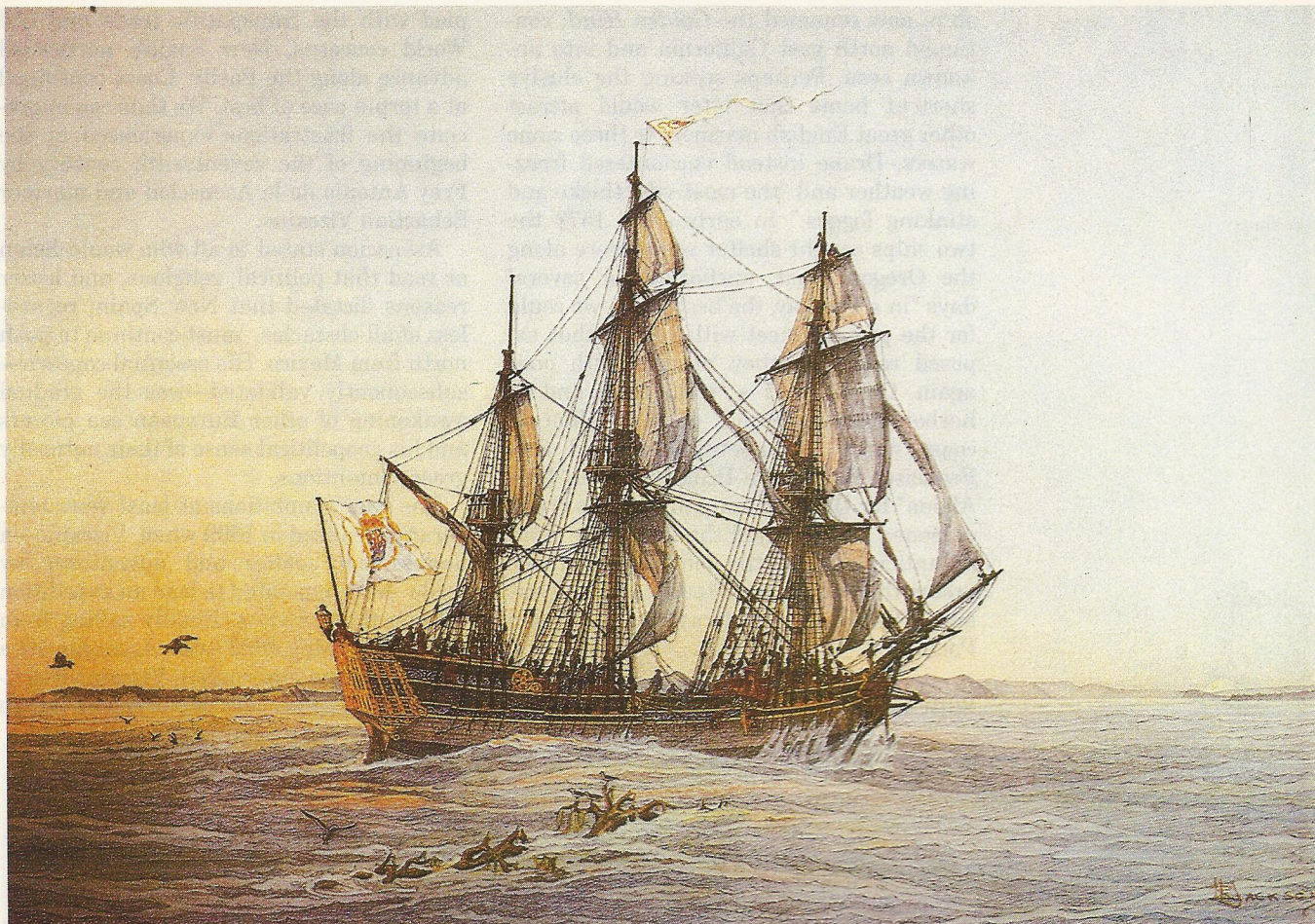
Magellan, who had renounced his Portuguese career for Spanish service, sought to reach the wealth-giving Spice Islands (Moluccas) by sailing west instead of east. After a tortuous passage through the South American strait that later would bear his name, the much-vexed explorer embarked upon the "Pacific" sea on a voyage whose privations and difficulties we can scarcely comprehend today—a thirteen-thousand-mile, ninety-nine-day passage devoid of landfalls, fresh provisions, or potable water.

The intrepid Portuguese eventually crossed the line of the Moluccas, as he had said he would, and entered the archipelagic maze of the Philippines. Although the great navigator and others of his command were killed by inflamed natives on some Philippine shore, his name is first linked, and rightfully so, with a circumnavigation of the globe. Late in the summer of 1522, the expedition's lone remaining ship, the *Victoria*, manned by the durable Basque captain Juan Sebastián del Cano and seventeen other emaciated and scurvy-ridden survivors, returned to Seville. The conclusion of that epic voyage firmly established, by European reasoning, Spain's claim to the world's greatest ocean. For the next two centuries the Spaniards regarded the Pacific as their private "lake."

One might say that the Pacific was almost "holy" water, because by papal decree Spain in 1494 had signed a treaty with Portugal whereby the rival monarchs reached agree-

*Providing ease of communication between the coast and interior, the Columbia River became an artery for Pacific Northwest exploration, trade, and settlement during the nineteenth century. Transcontinental explorers Lewis and Clark wintered at Fort Clatsop near the river's mouth (1805-06); American and British fur interests established important posts on the Columbia at Astoria (1811) and Vancouver (1825); and American settlers concentrated along its southern tributary in the fertile Willamette Valley.

**The Columbia River drains more than one hundred and fifty lesser rivers and one quarter of a million square miles, including portions of present-day Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and British Columbia. In North America its flow is surpassed only by the Mississippi, MacKenzie, and St. Lawrence rivers.



ment on colonizing new territories. Portugal obtained exclusive rights to trade with and possess new lands in a hemisphere extending eastward from a meridian near the Cape Verde Islands in the Atlantic, while Spain secured precedence to the regions to the west—including most of the Americas and their bordering seas.

Immense vision, fortitude, and bottomless greed soon gave Spain a giant stance astride much of the New World, including the southern flank of North America and all of South America (barring Brazil). But with its eyes on the newly established Manila trade and with the papal division firmly in mind, sixteenth-century New Spain felt no great urgency concerning any northward advance along the Pacific Coast. Most secrets of that remote sector remained unplumbed despite the hardest efforts of such mariners as Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo and Bartolomé Ferrello. While searching for the fabled Strait of Anian* in September 1542, Cabrillo made probably

the first landing by a European in California, at the bay he called San Miguel. The following year Ferrello, assuming command of Cabrillo's expedition after the leader's death, may have sailed as far north as California's Humboldt Bay or even Oregon's Rogue River.

One among an emerging group who refused to recognize papal treaties or any Spanish rights was the audacious English marauder Francis Drake of Devon. In 1578 the "sunnes' fellow traveller," who had for several years terrorized the Spanish Main, now found a new way around Cape Horn and sailed his *Pelican* into virgin Spanish waters. Cruising up the west coast of South America, "Francisco Draque" pillaged lightly defended treasure towns from Chile to Peru and captured several ships filled with silks, porcelains, and silver and gold from the American mines.

Laden with treasure and accompanied by a captured Spanish pilot boat, Drake's

Gray's "discovery" of the Columbia River was in effect a "rediscovery," for seventeen years earlier, in August 1775, Spanish explorer Bruno Heceta had sailed into the same offshore waters (above), where the currents and eddies "led me to believe that it may be the mouth of some great river, or the passage to another sea." But the fame of discovery eluded Heceta: his crew was too weakened by scurvy to attempt a crossing of the dangerous wave-swept bar, and the mariner departed without solving the mystery of what lay on the other side.

*For nearly three hundred years New World geographers sought a Strait of Anian and/or Northwest Passage. This dreamed-of strait, they hoped, would provide European mariners with a shortcut to the Pacific and its riches.

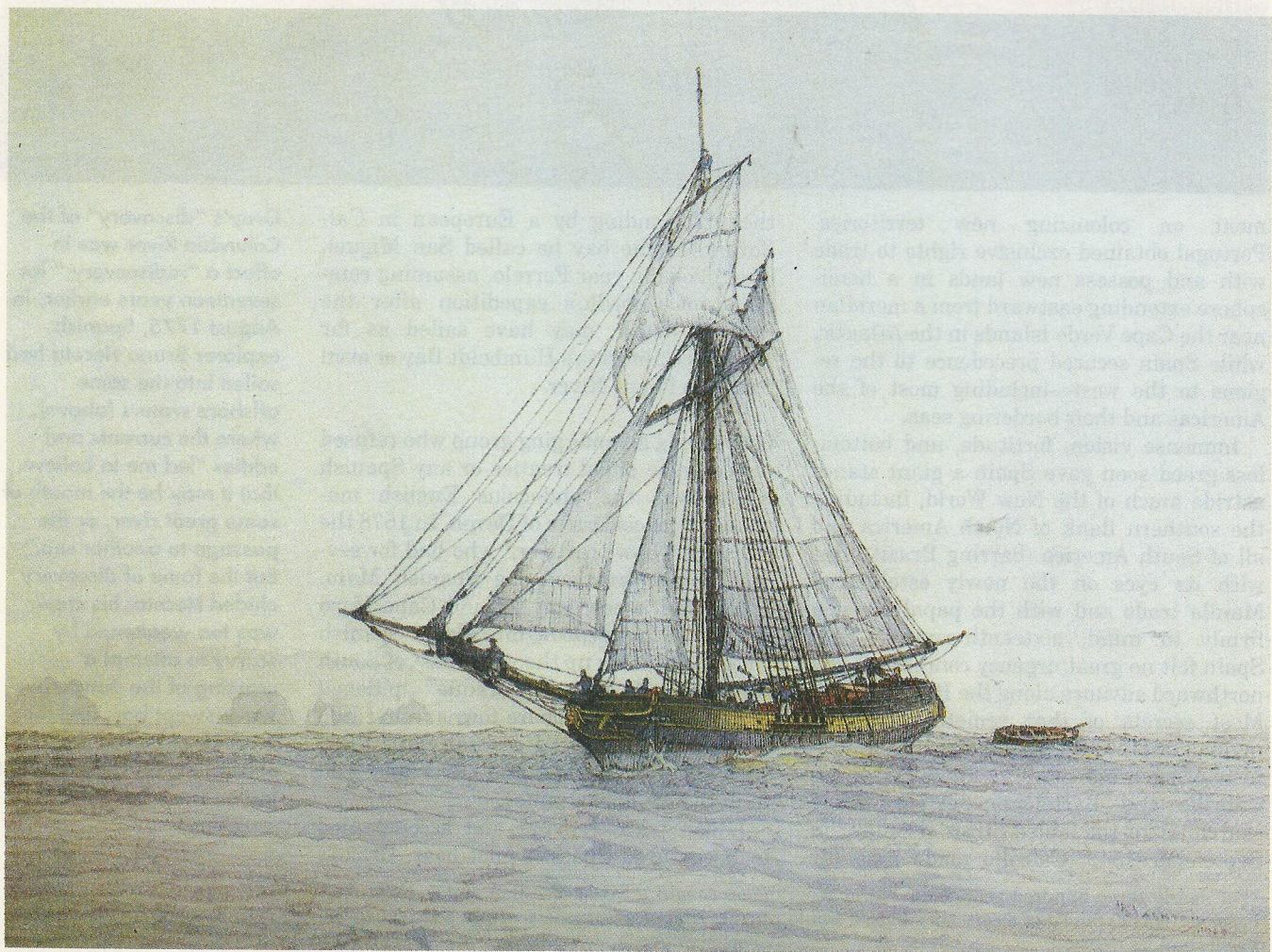
ship, now renamed the *Golden Hind*, continued north past California and into unknown seas. Perhaps seeking the elusive shortcut home that later would attract other great English mariners to these same waters, Drake instead encountered freezing weather and "the most vile, thicke and stinking fogges." In early June 1579 the two ships sought shelter somewhere along the Oregon coast, anchoring for several days "in a bad bay, the best roade we could for the present meet with." From that exposed roadstead they moved south once again. On June 17 a "conuenient and fit harborough was found" on the California coast north of as-yet-undiscovered San Francisco Bay. There Drake claimed "New Albion" for Queen Elizabeth, and his crews careened and repaired the legendary *Hind* in anticipation of the long voyage home across the Pacific and around Africa. Thus ended England's first foray into the North Pacific.

With its colonial administration preoccu-

pied with the transpacific trade and Old World concerns, New Spain's northward advance along the Pacific Coast continued at a torpid pace at best. We thus can appreciate the frustrations experienced at the beginning of the seventeenth century by Frey Antonio de la Asenscion and mariner Sebastian Vizcaino.

Asenscion stated to all who would listen or read that political, religious, and lesser reasons dictated that New Spain, regardless of all obstacles, must continue to push north from Mexico. His essential concern—subsequently validated—was the gradual awakening of other European sea powers and his geopolitical sense of their naturally greedy intentions.

The friar's ambitions at least were temporarily realized in 1599 when Vizcaino—a professional soldier and adventurer by trade—was appointed to lead an expedition into northern waters. Finally sailing from Acapulco in May 1602 (with Asenscion as a member of the enterprise), Vizcaino reached the California coast in November, where



"SLOOP LADY WASHINGTON OF BOSTON, CAPT. ROBT. GRAY, LEAVES TILLAMOOK BAY, 18 AUGUST 1788" BY HEWITT JACKSON (1968)
EDMUND HAYES, SR., COLLECTION, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

he renamed Cabrillo's previously discovered bay after his own flagship *San Diego*. Farther north the mariner took note of another bay that he named for his superior, the Conde de Monterey, Viceroy of Mexico. Then, in January 1603, a grand storm carried Vizcaino's flagship sufficiently far north for him to note Cape Blanco, the westernmost promontory in Oregon. His second ship, the *Tres Reyes* under the command of Martín Aguilar, was blown perhaps as far north as Oregon's Coos Bay.

After returning to Mexico, Vizcaino urged a second northern voyage, but he was turned down by the Marques de Montesclaros, the new viceroy, who held the remarkable view that the northern coasts at best should left unexplored, unsettled by Europeans, and in essence unmentioned.*

Spanish interest in the North Pacific thereafter languished for the next 150 years, not to be revived until the hidalgos belatedly realized that Russian mariners were making serious incursions into the northern reaches of Spain's exclusive preserve.

By the eighteenth century, the Russians, whose trappers and traders occupied northern Asia's Kamchatka peninsula after a headlong continental trek across the boundless tangle of Siberia, were engaged full-bore in a quest for knowledge of the regions bordering their recently acquired territory. The great Russian march east had been a staggering, costly achievement that had quadrupled the imperial land holdings.

Jogged by the accomplishments of Western European questers and by sharp questions from his newly founded Russian Academy of Sciences, Peter the Great sent a series of expeditions onto the broad Pacific to determine whether the Asian and North American continents were joined in the frigid Arctic waters.** Even as he lay wracked by bouts of delirium on his deathbed in 1725, Peter dispatched another expedition. His admiral selected as leader a half-pay Dane, Vitus Bering, promoting the

twenty-year Russian naval veteran to senior captain and handing him one of the last regal statements from Peter's hand. He should go to Kamchatka, build two ships, and "sail near the land which goes to the north, which (since no one knows where it ends) it seems is part of America."

More than four hundred men were involved. It took three years simply to transport the expedition and its equipment 4,800 miles from the Neva to Kamchatka and the primitive *ostrog* of Petropavlovsk. En route the stoic plodders were reduced to eating their requisitioned horses, then their saddles and saddle bags, and finally even their leather clothing and boots.

Finally sailing north along the Asian coast and through today's Bering Strait, the explorers crossed the Arctic Circle—but failed to sight the American coast. In the absence of contrary evidence, Bering logically concluded that the two continents were not connected.

Despite some skepticism and opposition, another attempt to locate the American continent was approved in 1732. Bering's second Kamchatka expedition, more than six hundred strong, consumed eight years simply in crossing Siberia once again and refitting the Baltic-type packets *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*.

Eventually, despite grueling physical hardships and costs in lives and treasure, Bering and the commander of his second ship, Alexei Chirikov, sailed east into the foggy Pacific and independently sighted portions of the Alaskan coast. Bering himself was not fated to enjoy his triumph for long; marooned on a barren island while attempting to return to Petropavlovsk, he and many of his men died miserably. But the geographical puzzle finally had been unraveled, and in the Russian sense, America was "rediscovered" in 1741.

Unwittingly, Bering's sailors found not only land but also treasure. The Alaskan waters teemed with the same "soft gold" that had opened up Siberia so speedily. Soon legions of Russian fur entrepreneurs—*promyshleniki*—fanned out across the North Pacific archipelagos, ruthlessly

Gray's 1792 rendezvous with history took place during the second of his fur-trading voyages to the Northwest. Four years earlier he had sailed from Boston as captain of the sloop "Lady Washington," with expedition leader John Kendrick commanding the "Columbia Rediviva." On the opposite page Jackson depicts the "Lady Washington" leaving Oregon's foggy Tillamook Bay after a disastrous August 1788 landing during which natives killed one of the crew. In these waters Gray first took note of offshore currents that led him to suspect the nearby presence of a great river.

*The viceroy's head-in-the-sand approach perhaps could be attributed to Spain's recent decline as a world sea power. If Spanish mariners probing the frontier were to find the Strait of Anian, colonial leaders reasoned, such a discovery would only enable other, ascending powers to trespass into the Spanish preserve.

**Cossack voyager Semen Dezhnev in fact had resolved this question in 1648 when his ninety-man expedition navigated a vessel with reindeer-hide sails from the Arctic Kolyma River down around the huge Chukotsk Peninsula, and through today's Bering Strait. Unfortunately, the report of Dezhnev's brilliant geographical accomplishment was lost in the files in Yakutsk, along with a request for back pay for the surviving crew members—not to be rediscovered until the 1740s.

subduing native tribes (notably the Aleuts) and gathering immense quantities of sea otter pelts. Within a few years this rich North Pacific bounty would attract not only Russians, but also English and American traders.

In 1761, through their agents in St. Petersburg, the Spanish finally become aware of the Russian encroachments into Alaskan waters. These theoretically secret undertakings impelled the Madrid court and then its viceroy in Mexico to place renewed interest in the long-fallow "northern enterprise." Commencing an aggressive defense of her "lake," Spain established outposts at San Diego and Monterey, plus other missions in Alta California.

The Spanish also resumed probing the

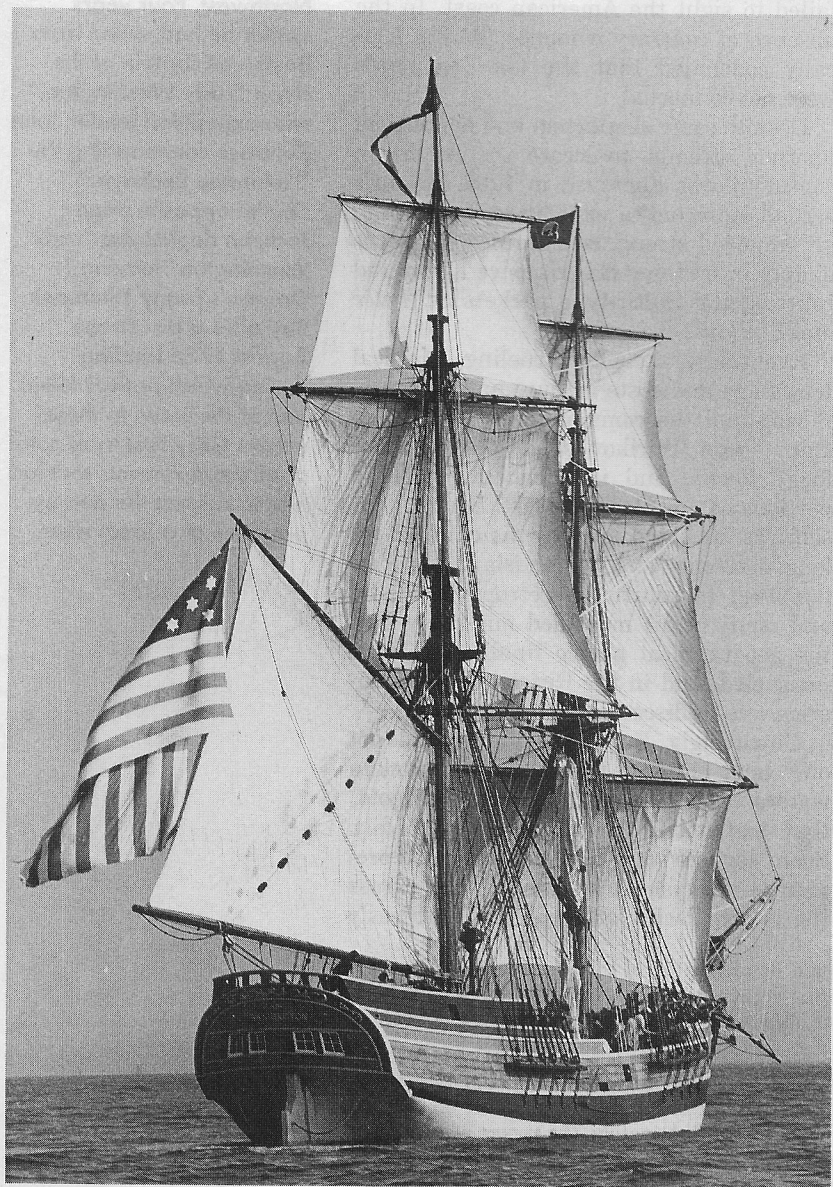
waters along the Northwest Coast, achieving significant new discoveries. In 1774 naval officer Juan Pérez sailed the frigate *Santiago* from San Blas and Monterey all the way to the Queen Charlotte Islands, near the present British Columbia-Alaska border. During his homeward-bound passage the explorer skirted Vancouver Island and sighted Nootka Sound, later to become a favorite rendezvous for fur trading ships in these northern waters.

A two-ship expedition with Pérez as pilot and Bruno Heceta y Dudogoitia as commander returned to the Northwest the following year. One of these vessels, the thirty-eight-foot tender *Sonora*, commanded by naval lieutenant Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, made an extraordinary passage as far north as Mount Edgecumbe (present-day Sitka). The flagship *Santiago*, under Heceta, a thirty-year-old naval officer who had journeyed to Mexico from Spain the preceding year, reached the vicinity of Vancouver Island after making the first recorded landing on the coast of today's Washington State.

Early in August, with his crew seriously weakened by malnutrition and scurvy, Heceta turned back toward Monterey. In the predawn hours of August 16, after a run that had carried him due south off the coast of Washington, Heceta veered east-southeast "looking toward the coast." Hours later the mariner made a notable observation; one that hitherto had eluded European voyagers and that would continue to frustrate them for another seventeen years. "In the afternoon of this day I discovered a large bay that I named Bahía de Asunción [Assumption Bay], the shape of which is shown on the map" [a chart that survives today in the Archives of the Indies in Seville].

Continuing to peer through the haze, Heceta further recorded in his journal that "I sounded in 24 brazas [144 feet]. The swirling currents were so swift that despite having a full press of sail it was difficult to get clear or separate myself from the cape to the extreme north. . . . These currents and the seething waters had led me to believe that it may be the mouth of some great river, or the passage to another sea."

There is now no doubt from Heceta's log and the fine chart he drew that he had found the great river known today as the Columbia. Astronomical calculations for that day suggest that tidal conditions might have been ideal for crossing the treacherous bar, but after consultation



with Captain Pilot Don Juan Pérez and pilot Don Cristobal Revilla, Heceta reluctantly decided to move on. His crew was so weakened by sickness that "they insisted that I should not attempt it, for in letting go the anchor we did not have men with which to get it up, nor to attend to the work that would thereby result."

In retrospect, it is probably best that caution prevailed. Bad weather blew in the next day.

As he resumed his course toward California and Mexico, Heceta very possibly realized that he had been on the verge of a momentous discovery. The tenacious Basque had another thirty-one years to reflect on what might have been—but one doubts that was his disposition.*

At the same time that Spanish mariners were countering Russian encroachments into the North Pacific, another dynamic imperial power began to focus on that region. The English long had maintained their thin but wiry connection to the western shore of North America through the timeless exploits of Francis Drake. Now, two centuries later, the new British Empire produced perhaps the most skilled of all sea surveyors, Captain James Cook, R.N.

During two extraordinary voyages between 1768 and 1775, Cook explored vast portions of the South Pacific, discovering numerous islands, charting the coasts of Australia and New Zealand, and disproving the existence of a great Southern Continent.

In July 1776, aboard the *HMS Resolution* and accompanied by the *HMS Discovery*, Cook embarked on yet another great voyage, this time focusing his quest on the long-dreamed-of Northwest Passage. The search offered tantalizing monetary as well as scientific rewards; Parliament had pledged a £20,000 prize to the discoverer of the rumored shortcut between the seas.

Sailing at a leisurely pace, Cook rounded the Cape of Good Hope and consumed a year revisiting the South Seas. Then, sailing north from Tahiti, he added to his list of impressive discoveries the Sandwich [Hawaiian] Islands, which he encountered in January 1778.

After briefly exploring this mid-Pacific

paradise, the British navigator resumed his voyage to the Northwest Coast, arriving off Oregon in early March. Moving slowly northward through spring storms and fog, Cook had the misfortune of completely missing the large "bay" noted by Heceta two years earlier. One can only speculate what the region's subsequent history—and nationality—might have been had conditions allowed this meticulous explorer to examine the coast more closely.

Also failing to note the broad entrance to Puget Sound, Cook arrived off the huge island later named for a midshipman in his command (George Vancouver) and anchored in a roadstead already identified by Spanish sailors as San Lorenzo—today's Nootka. There the explorers made extensive repairs to their sea-worn ships, and the shivering crews engaged in a lively trade with the natives for sea otter pelts.** This seemingly incidental commerce would later lead to perhaps the most far-reaching consequence of the expedition.

As they continued north, Cook and his colleagues made countless contacts and perceptive observations during visits to Prince William Sound, Kodiak, Unalaska, and other windswept islands. Cruising through the Bering Strait, the Yorkshireman rounded the northern capes of Siberia. Despite every scrutiny of hazardous passages to the east, he found no way home, thus failing to secure the £20,000 prize. Then, turning south to winter over in the Sandwich Islands, Cook sailed on to death and glory—slain in a February 1779 encounter with Hawaiians over a stolen ship's boat.

Cook's second-in-command, Charles Clerke, returned to the Arctic in an attempt to continue the search but soon died of tuberculosis near Petropavlovsk, where he was buried. Under the command of John Gore, a Virginian, the homeward-bound ships later stopped at Macao and Canton. To the sailors' astonishment and pleasure, the sea otter pelts they had obtained for next to nothing commanded high prices from Russian traders and even more handsome remuneration from the Chinese.

Within eight years at least five British traders were working the islands and inlets of the Northwest, eager to exchange nails, saw blades, tobacco, hatchets, or whatever

Re-creating a vanished era, the "Lady Washington" (opposite) frequently sails out of the Grays Harbor Historical Seaport in Aberdeen, Washington. This replica of the vessel commanded by Robert Gray during his first Northwest voyage carries the brig rig used by the original vessel beginning in 1790. As flagship for the International Maritime Bicentennial [see page 11], the "Lady Washington" will play a leading role in the commemorations. She will sail over the Grays Harbor bar on May 7, two hundred years after Gray discovered and entered that haven; and over the Columbia River bar on May 11, the bicentennial of Gray's entry into the long-sought "River of the West."

*Following his service in New Spain, Heceta moved on to fight Horatio Nelson at Trafalgar and scale the long ladder of Spanish advancement to the Admiralty.

**To obtain trade items at Nootka the English sailors pilfered their own ships' metal fittings, "so that before we left the place, hardly a bit of brass was left . . . except what was in the necessary instruments."

On April 29, 1792, sailing near the Strait of Juan de Fuca during his second voyage, Gray, now in command of the "Columbia Rediviva," encountered a British naval expedition (opposite) commanded by Captain George Vancouver. Days earlier the sloop-of-war "Discovery" and armed tender "Chatham" had sailed within view of the Columbia's mouth, but Vancouver failed to grasp the significance of what he saw. And within days of this meeting between the British and American vessels, Gray sailed south to claim what Vancouver had by-passed.

else it took to obtain pelts worth \$50 to \$70 each in Canton harbor. Three of these captains, George Dixon, James Colnett, and Nathaniel Portlock, had sailed with "the great navigator."

Americans, anxious to rebuild their commerce after the Revolution, soon heard about the remarkable opportunities the Northwest Coast offered. Perhaps most telling was the report of Captain James King in Volume 3 of Cook's report, published in London in 1784. King stated that sea otter pelts obtained by the expedition's sailors had subsequently brought as much as \$120 in Canton—each. The impatience of the sailors to return to the Northwest had been "not far short of mutiny."

The American merchants were also aware of the scheme proposed by John Ledyard, a tenacious Connecticut visionary who had served as a young corporal of Marines aboard Cook's ship. In 1784 Ledyard managed to interest Thomas Jefferson (then U.S. minister to France) and naval hero John Paul Jones in a French-financed fur trading venture to the North Pacific. The undertaking collapsed, but the concept clearly had been sound.

Responding to these glowing reports, Boston entrepreneur Joseph Barrell gathered together a group of his moneyed friends to formulate a merchant venture to China via the North Pacific. His associates were Samuel Brown and Charles Bulfinch of Boston, a Cambridge sea captain named Crowell Hatch, John Derby of Salem, and John M. Pintard, a New York merchant.

American commerce with Asia had heretofore seemed impractical, because U.S. merchants had only limited gold with which to buy foreign products, and virtually no goods of interest to the Chinese. But now, taking their cue from Ledyard's aborted scheme, the Boston businessmen envisioned a triangular trade route between their city, the North Pacific coast, and Canton. After obtaining furs from Northwest natives in exchange for cheap goods, traders employed by the merchants would sell the pelts in Asia and there secure other cargoes for return to the United States.

The combine purchased and outfitted two American-built ships at a cost of \$50,000. The three-masted, Rhode Island-built *Columbia* measured eighty-eight feet in length and was of about 212 tons burden. Her consort, the elegant *Lady Washington*, was a beautifully laid out sloop of somewhat different design. Carrying a sin-

gle mast with an unusually long boom, she was at ninety tons judged small for sailing around the Horn—but ideal for trading excursions into shallow bays and harbors.

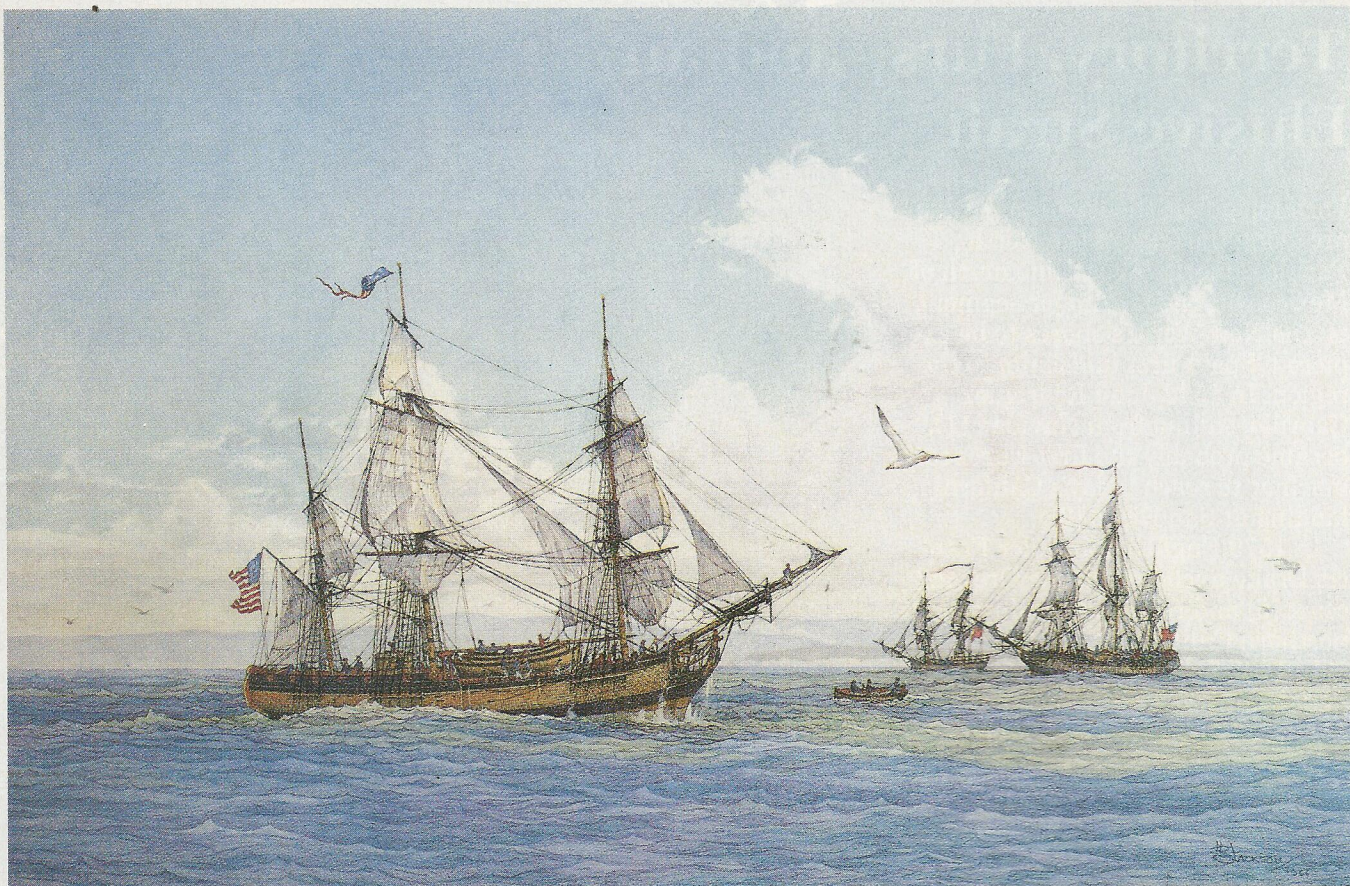
The expedition's planners placed forty-seven-year-old John Kendrick, an experienced merchant sailor of imposing stature, in overall charge of the enterprise and named him captain of the *Columbia Rediviva*. Kendrick had commanded several privateers during the Revolution. As captain of the *Lady Washington*, the sponsors named taciturn thirty-two-year-old Robert Gray, also a veteran of maritime service during the late war.

Departing from Boston on September 30, 1787, the *Columbia* and *Lady Washington* sailed first to the Cape Verde Islands, where their crews took on water and provisions, then continued on to the Falklands off South America. Kendrick, who had been chosen for his supposedly decisive qualities, now proved otherwise, dawdling for weeks and losing the confidence of his crews.

Finally resuming their voyage in February 1788, the two ships headed west around stormy Cape Horn—the first American vessels of record to attempt this difficult passage. Blown far south into Antarctic waters, they nearly foundered in the gale-swept seas. On April 1 they became separated, not to rejoin for more than five months.

On August 2, Gray, who had left the more cautious Kendrick far behind, sailed within view of the California coast. By the fourteenth the *Lady Washington* reached northern Oregon, where Gray sighted a "tolerably commodious" harbor. His crew, now suffering from scurvy, had not stepped ashore since leaving the Falklands six months earlier. The trader, who would prove time and again to be an audacious inshore sailor, successfully threaded his way in through the treacherous entrance of Tillamook Bay. Gray and his men were the first known non-natives to set foot in Oregon.

With fresh provisions and prime sea otter skins in mind, "traffic on a very friendly footing" was immediately established with the Tillamook natives. But two days later relations took a disastrous turn. Gray's black cabin boy Marcus Lopius became involved in a fracas over a stolen sword and was dispatched by the local villagers. The other members of the landing party barely escaped with their lives. This was a hard lesson the Yankees never forgot, to the point of ruthless reprisals in later en-



counters. Resuming his northward course, Gray bitterly named his first port of call "Murderers Harbour."

A few hours before entering Tillamook Bay, Gray had noted a strong, south-moving current. Unbeknownst to the trader at the time, he had encountered the same "seething waters" (which during flood periods extend as far as fifty miles offshore) that Heceta experienced off the Columbia's mouth thirteen years earlier.

Although foggy weather denied Gray a sighting of the great estuary as he continued north, barely a month earlier another trader had ventured right up to the "River of the West." Early in July, English captain John Meares* sailed south along the Washington coast on a fur trading reconnaissance. At noon on the sixth he sighted a prominent headland "and we pleased ourselves with the expectation of its being Cape St. Roc of the Spaniards, near which they are said to have found a good port."

"After we had rounded the promontory," recorded Meares, "a large bay, as we had imagined, opened to our view, that bore a

very promising appearance, and into which we steered with every encouraging expectation. . . . As we steered in, the water shoaled to nine, eight, and seven fathoms, when breakers were seen from the deck, right ahead, and, from the mast head, they were observed to extend across the bay."

Thwarted by the unbroken shoals that seemed to bar entrance to the "bay," Meares turned away in defeat, renaming Heceta's Cape St. Roc "Cape Disappointment" and his Bahia de Asunción "Deception Bay." "We can now with safety assert," concluded the trader, "that there is no such river as that of St. Roc exists, as laid down in the Spanish charts." Meares was the first (but not quite the last) English mariner who nearly held the region's greatest prize in his grasp—only to let it go.

Continuing his passage north to Vancouver Island's Nootka Sound, Gray there awaited Kendrick, whose *Columbia Rediviva* finally caught up with the *Lady Washington* in late September.

The two ships lay at anchor in Nootka Sound until March 1789, when Gray set

*In 1789 Meares found himself the central figure in the "Nootka Controversy," a diplomatic conflict between Spain and England over claims, rights, and sovereignty in Northwest waters.

A Centuries-Long Quest for Territory, Furs, and an Elusive Strait

Forming a four-thousand-mile-plus arc along the edge of the North Pacific, America's coastline north of Mexico was the last major segment of the New World's shores to be explored. Spain first laid claim to the region. In 1542 Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, sailing from Navidad [1], became probably the first European mariner to reach today's California, landing at San Diego [2].

In 1579 English marauder Francis Drake anchored off the Oregon coast [5] and repaired his ships in a northern California bay [4].

In 1602 Spanish mariner Sebastian Vizcaino discovered Monterey [3]; both he and Martin Aguilar then sailed as far north as central Oregon [5].

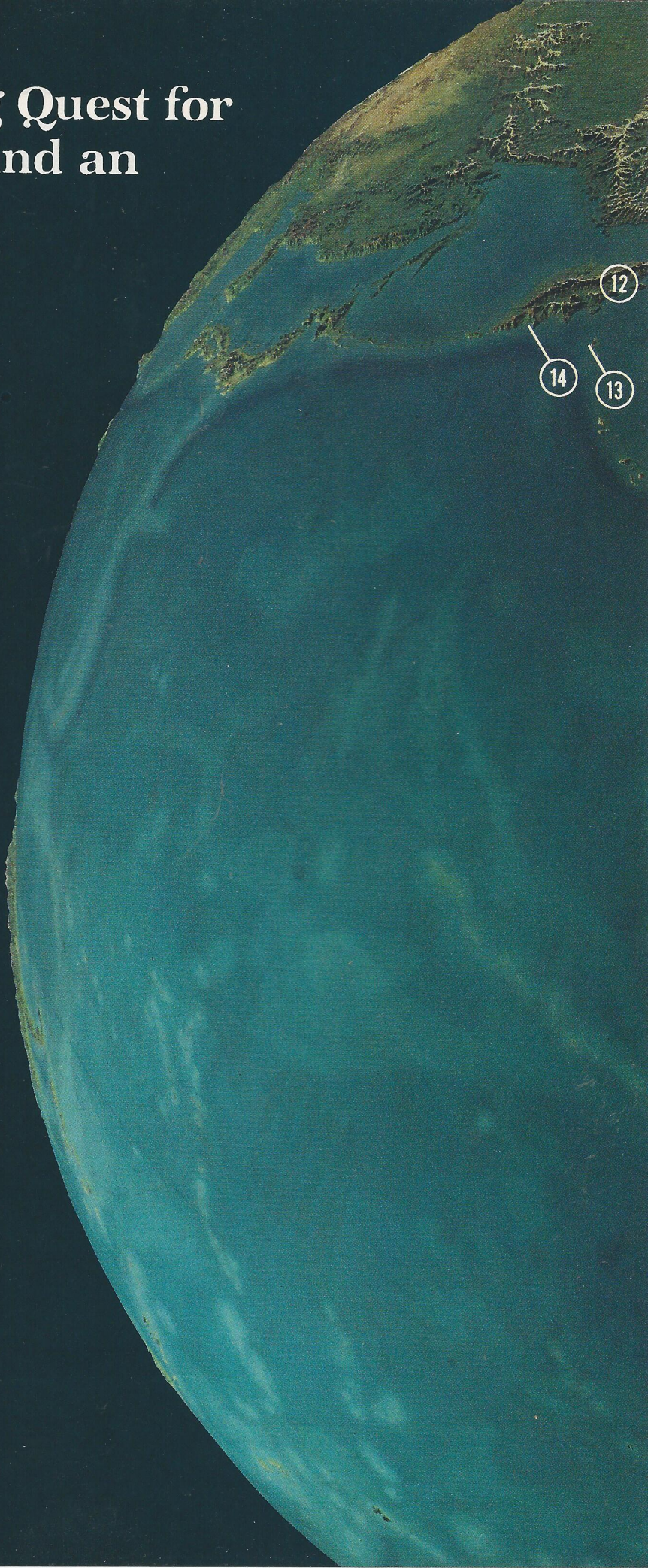
In 1728 Vitus Bering sailed from the Kamchatka Peninsula [12] north through the Bering Strait [11]. In 1741 Bering and Alexei Chirikov reached the Alaskan mainland, sailing from Petropavlovsk [14] as far east as present-day Sitka [9]. The ill-fated expedition leader died on remote Bering Island [13]. Russian fur entrepreneurs soon combed the Aleutians [10] for sea otter furs.

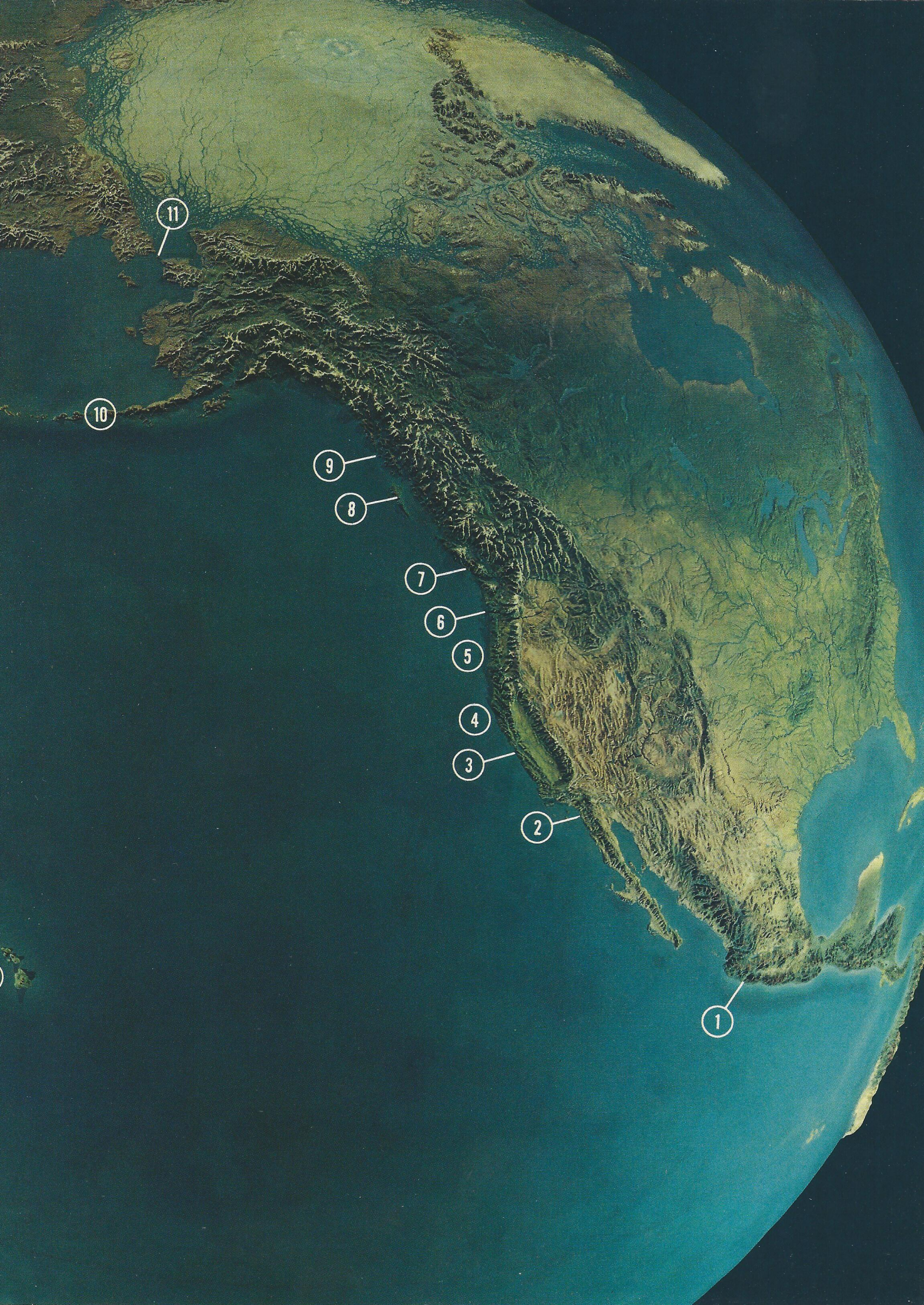
In 1774 Spanish naval officer Juan Perez sailed as far north as the Queen Charlotte Islands [8]. The following year Bruno Heceta sighted the Columbia River [6].

In 1778 a British naval officer James Cook discovered the Hawaiian Islands [15] and then sailed up the Northwest Coast and through the Bering Strait [11] in search of a Northwest Passage.

During the 1780s and '90s, European and American fur traders used Vancouver Island's Nootka Sound [7] as a base for operations.

On May 11, 1792, American trader Robert Gray successfully entered the "River of the West" [6], effectively bringing an era of Northwest discoveries to its conclusion.





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out on an exploring and fur-gathering expedition. Scouring the coast for pelts, he sailed south to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, entering that passage to a depth of fifty miles. Turning back north again, he sailed as far as Bucareli Bay in Alaska, where the *Lady Washington* was blown ashore on a rocky coast and nearly sunk.

One wonders what Gray's reaction must have been upon returning to the Nootka roadstead on June 16. He had pushed the *Lady Washington* into every kind of hair-raising situation, winning a reputation for reckless behavior among his crew. Kendrick, an exasperating puzzle for his subordinate, had never left the anchorage.

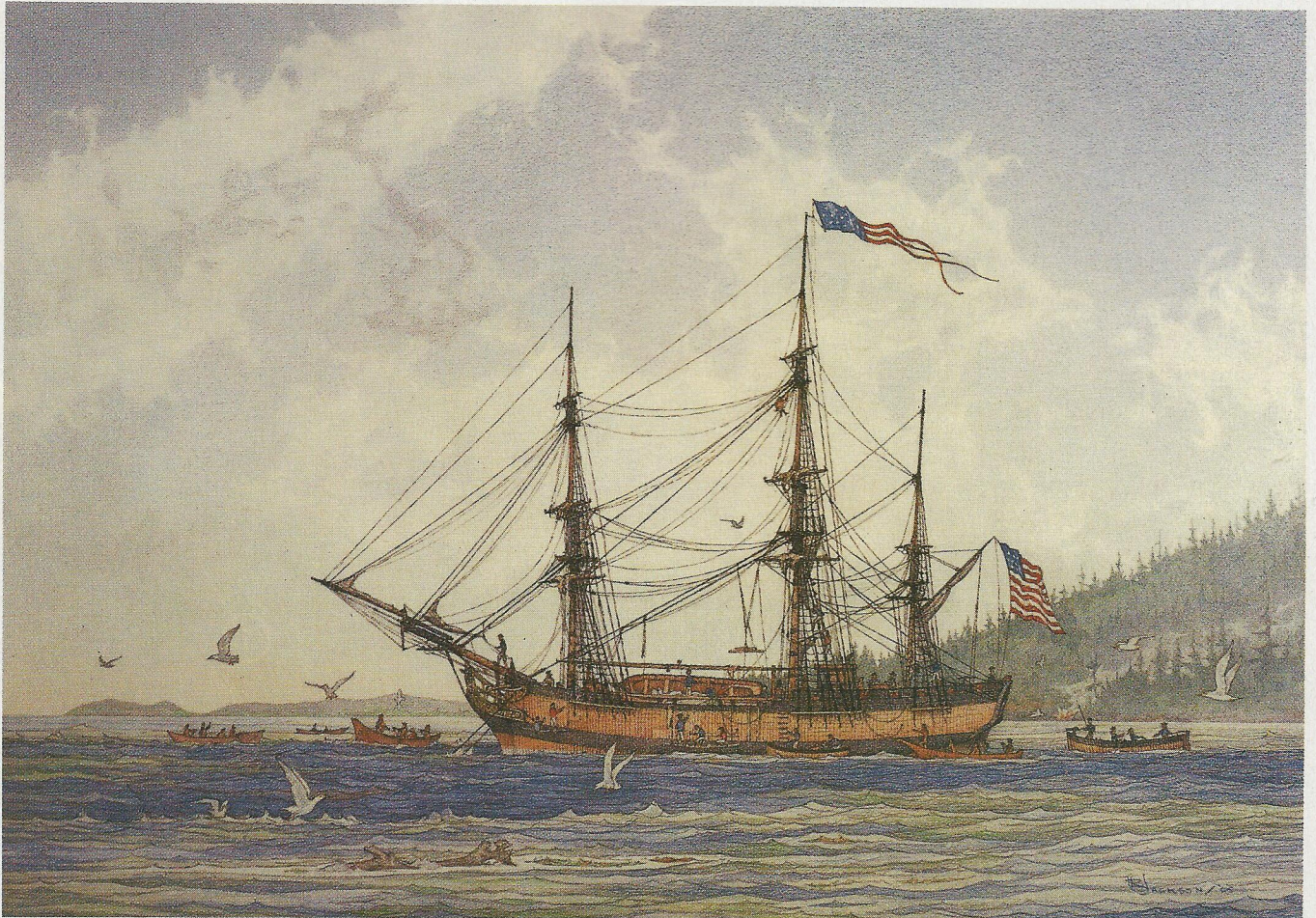
As a result of various deliberations, Gray's furs were now transferred to the *Columbia* and the remaining trade goods shifted to the *Lady Washington*. Kendrick, fifteen years Gray's senior and now at age

fifty perhaps simply worn out, moved to the smaller *Washington* and ordered Gray to take the other ship and her cargo to China.

Gray, now in command of the *Columbia Rediviva*, left Clayoquat Sound on July 30, 1789, bound for the Hawaiian Islands. After a three-week stop (the first visit there by an American ship), he continued on to Macao and Canton, where he sold the furs in exchange for six hundred cases of choice tea. The intrepid mariner then sailed toward home via the Cape of Good Hope, arriving back in Boston on August 9, 1790. During a voyage lasting nearly three years he had logged 48,889 sea miles and accomplished the first circumnavigation of the globe by an American captain.*

Despite unimpressive financial results (seawater had damaged part of Gray's cargo of tea), the *Columbia's* backers imme-

*Kendrick followed Gray to China, arriving in January 1790. But neither he nor the *Lady Washington* ever returned to the United States. Forsaking allegiance to the merchants who had financed the expedition, he appropriated the *Lady Washington* and became a rogue trader. Kendrick met a bizarre end in the Hawaiian islands in December 1794 when, exchanging salutes with the English trader *Jackal*, he was struck by shot inadvertently fired from the other vessel's cannon. The *Lady Washington*, under another captain, disappeared with all hands in Asian waters in about 1800.



"SHIP COLUMBIA REDIVIVA OF BOSTON, CAPT. ROBT. GRAY, ANCHORS OFF CHINOOK ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, 19 MAY 1792" BY HEWITT JACKSON (1965)
EDMUND HAYES, SR., COLLECTION, OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

diately readied her for a return voyage. Derby of Salem and Pintard of New York dropped out of the enterprise, but Gray and two others took their places.

With Gray still in command, the *Columbia Rediviva* left Boston for her second Northwest voyage on September 28, 1790. By early June of the following year, having accomplished the outward-bound passage in eight months, Gray again was actively trading among the northern islands.

Late in November 1791, Gray established winter quarters on Clayoquat Sound. There, in an inlet he named Adventure Cove, the ship's crew erected a crude fort and spent the next several months building a small sloop whose keel and frames had been carried from Boston in the hold of the *Columbia*.

On April 2, 1792, after a tense winter beleaguered with sickness, dissembling, and in Gray's mind native treachery (the Americans apparently thwarted a plot by local natives to massacre them), the trader resumed active operations. Placing the newly-completed *Adventure* under command of his youthful second officer Robert Haswell, Gray sent it north in search of furs. Gray himself, aboard the *Columbia Rediviva*, turned south for a reconnaissance of the Washington and Oregon coasts, apparently hoping to find new sources for trade.

By April 11, Gray reached the vicinity of the present Oregon-California border. There he reversed course and headed north again. Throughout this passage, chief mate Owen Smith took the jolly boat in through the rough coastal waters, marking hidden bays and estuaries. By mid-April the *Columbia Rediviva* was back in the vicinity of the Columbia River.

Unknown to Gray, a British naval expedition was following in his wake, conducting a detailed reconnaissance of the American coast. On April 17 the sloop of war *Discovery* and armed tender *Chatham* arrived off northern California, en route from Hawaii. Captain George Vancouver, who as a midshipman had visited the Northwest Coast with Cook's third expedition, was now returning to that same region with a twofold mission: to finally prove or disprove the myth of a navigable Northwest Passage; and to conclude negotiations with the Spanish commander at Nootka regarding national sovereignty in the roiled Northwest waters. Vancouver was particularly interested in exploring the Strait of

Juan de Fuca—there being some hope this might be the western entrance to the supposed passage.

Slowly sailing north, Vancouver (aboard the *Discovery*, accompanied by Lieutenant William Broughton, commanding the *Chatham*) made a careful examination of the shoreline, lying-to at night and resuming the survey each morning. On April 27 the British captain reached latitude 46° 19' North, where at noon he sighted the prominent headland that four years earlier Meares had renamed "Cape Disappointment." Just to its south lay the broad opening that Meares had called "Deception Bay."

In his journal the ever-observant Vancouver wrote, "the sea had now changed from its natural, to river-coloured water; the probable consequence of some streams falling into the bay, or into the opening north of it, through the lowland."

Vancouver's botanist, Archibald Menzies, noted a strong offshore current and debris "like the overflowings of a considerable river." Thomas Manby, master of the *Chatham*, recorded that the ships approached the opening "as near as safety would permit, [and] as a continued roll of breakers lay right across its entrance, it may [be] from a River, and perhaps admissible at certain periods."

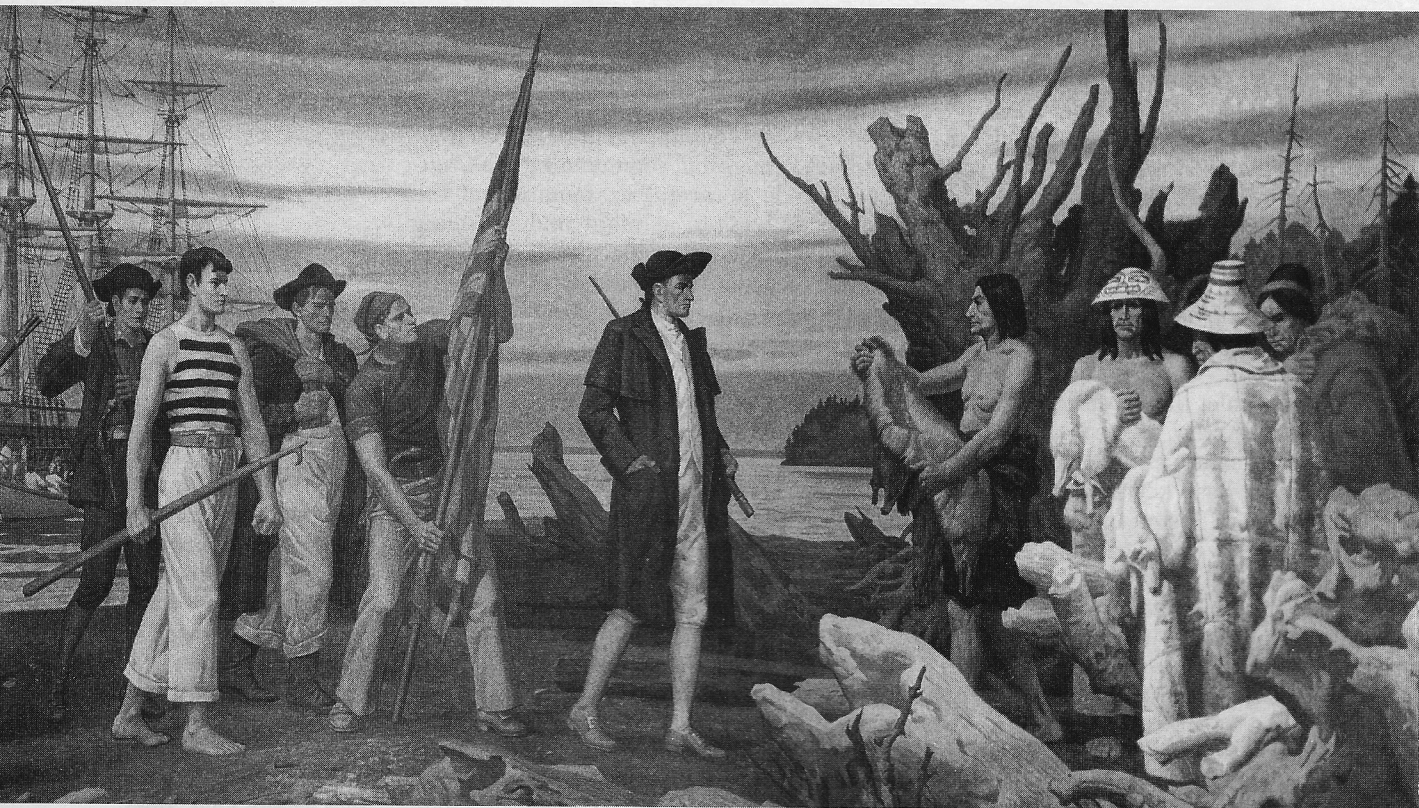
Vancouver now was poised at the edge of what could have been a glorious moment in the explorer's life—and (like Meares before him) he let it slip away. "Not considering this opening worthy of more attention," he recorded, "I continued our pursuit to the north-west, being desirous to embrace the advantages of the prevailing breeze and pleasant weather, so favourable to our examination of the coasts."

Two days later, near the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the British explorers sighted and hailed the first ship they had seen in eight months—Gray's *Columbia Rediviva*.

Two of Vancouver's officers, Menzies and Peter Puget, boarded the *Columbia* to visit with Gray. The American shared information on the Strait of Juan de Fuca and, according to Vancouver's journal, told of "having been off the mouth of a river in the latitude of 46° 10', where the outset, or reflux, was so strong as to prevent his entering for nine days."

Gray sailed into the Strait of Juan de Fuca as far as Neah Bay with the British explorers, then returned to the open sea

On May 11, after resolutely sailing over the breaker-swept shallows that earlier had denied entrance to Heceta and Vancouver, Gray directed his course "up this noble river in search of a Village." The "*Columbia Rediviva*" remained in the estuary for more than a week while her crew explored thirty miles of the north shore and traded nails, cloth, and sheets of copper with the natives for pelts. This Hewitt Jackson painting depicts the ship's May 18 anchorage off the village of Chinook, where, according to John Boit, "the Indians are very numerous, & appear'd very civil . . . during our short stay, we collected 150 Otter, 300 Beaver, and twice the Number of other land furs."



A dramatic mural in the Oregon State capitol (above) depicts Chinook Indians greeting Gray and his landing party.

According to John Boit, "they appear'd to view the Ship with the greatest astonishment & no doubt we was the first Civiliz'd people that they ever saw."

A chart that Gray drew of "Columbia's River" (opposite) accurately outlines the major features of the estuary, with soundings marking the trader's progress along the north shore (left side of chart). This drawing, which later passed into the hands of British explorer George Vancouver, was incontrovertible proof that the American had indeed found and entered the "River of the West." Gray's bold reconnaissance had provided the crucial first step toward eventual U.S. possession of the region.

and pressed south. On May 7 the *Columbia* followed her longboat into a hitherto unknown harbor on Washington's central coast.

Here the traders had a murderous night clash with a group of Native Americans they had bartered with through the daylight hours on May 8. "After it was bright moon light," recorded fifth mate John Boit, "we see the canoes approaching to the Ship. We fier'd several cannon over them but still [they] persist'd to advance with their war Hoop." When a large canoe with twenty men pressed to within half a pistol shot, the gunners lowered their aim and "dash'd her all to pieces & no doubt kill'd every soul in her." Alas, this doleful act was several times repeated by apprehensive or rapacious traders through the years.

Again Gray pushed south, on May 11 leaving the harbor his crew named in his honor. It would appear the trader was now moving directly for the site that, according to what he told Vancouver, had frustrated him for several days the preceding month.

It was Boit, a solid product of the Boston Latin School, who entered the laconic description that would have had Gray's approbation. "Just so! May [11], 1792. This day saw an appearance of a spacious harbour abrest th Ship, haul'd our wind for itt, observ'd two sand bars making off, with a

passage between them to a fine river. Out pinnance and sent her in ahead and followed with the Ship under short sail. . . . The River extended to the NE as far as eye cou'd reach . . . we directed our course up this noble river in search of a Village. The beach was lin'd with Natives, who ran along shore following the Ship. Soon after above 20 Canoes came off, and brought a good lot of Furs and Salmon, which last they sold two for a board Nail. the furs we likewise bought cheap, for Copper and Cloth. they appear'd to view the Ship with greatest astonishment and no doubt we was the first civilized people they ever saw."

Gray remained in the broad estuary until May 20, maneuvering the *Columbia* freely about in the high spring runoff. He drew the first chart of the interior waters [opposite page], with soundings marking his progress near the northern shore to a point some thirty miles from the river's entrance. The plentitude of everything was favorably noted, including good food and pure water drawn from the river.

Many canoes visited the several anchorages, and Boit stated that more than fifty villages were reported along the estuary. This observation alone would demand further exploration, but here Gray, still the bold and consummate trader, revealed a

basic character trait: though in possession of long-sought knowledge of international import, he made little use of it. His primary drive was ever the pursuit of cargo.

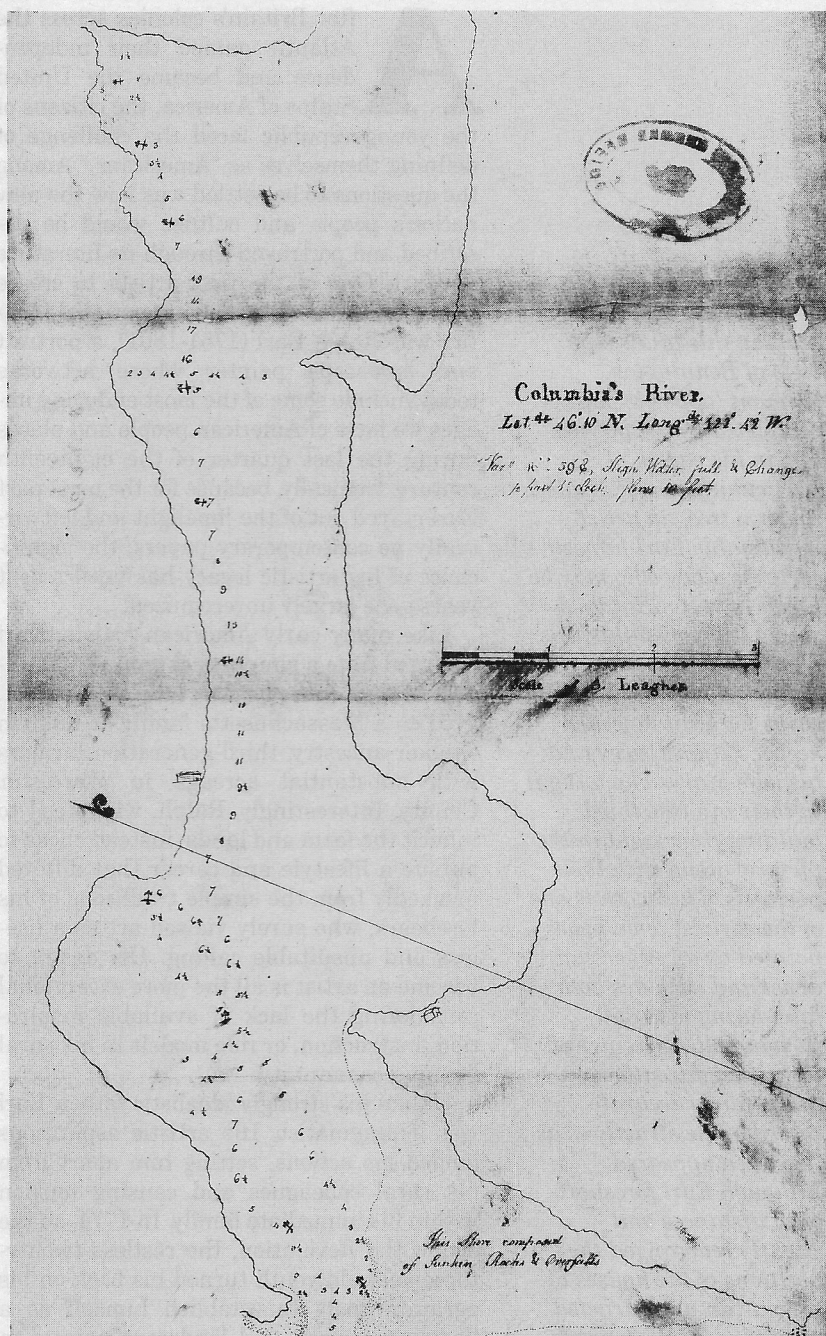
Later that summer, before he left the Northwest Coast for China and home, Gray presented to the Spanish commander at Nootka—Bodega y Quadra of *Sonora* fame—the chart that he had drawn of the lower Columbia. It showed beyond all doubt that the American had entered the long-sought river. When Quadra subsequently gave the chart to Vancouver, the British commander had no recourse but to acknowledge Gray's accomplishment, though his mistrustful officers regarded the trader as a purveyor of "impudent humbug" and "egregious falsehoods."

Following on Gray's information, the British surveyors wanted to see for themselves. Early in October the two warships arrived off Cape Disappointment, and Lieutenant Broughton navigated the *Chatham* over the breaker-swept bar and into the estuary. Captain Vancouver, out of concern for the *Discovery's* deeper keel, was obliged to remain at sea; with the winter rains not yet begun, the great river was now at low ebb.

For three weeks Broughton explored the Columbia, ascending the majestic waterway with the *Chatham's* cutter for a distance of nearly a hundred miles and charting and naming a profusion of islands, points, hillocks, rivers, creeks, and mountains. On October 30 he stepped ashore near present-day Vancouver and formally claimed the river for Great Britain. But nothing Broughton could do or impugn could erase the fact that Gray, the quiet but audacious American mariner, had entered and named "Columbia's River" before him. When the tea-laden *Columbia Rediviva* returned to Boston in July 1793, successful and renowned, "Empire followed in its wake." ★

An international scholar of Russian expansion and of trade in the North Pacific, Thomas Vaughan was for thirty-five years executive director of the Oregon Historical Society. In recognition of his work with British museums and collections of Captain James Cook, Queen Elizabeth II in 1975 decorated Vaughan with the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. In 1989 the Oregon state legislature unanimously voted him the life designation of Oregon Historian Laureate.

Hewitt Jackson, whose paintings illustrate this article, is a noted Northwest maritime artist.



Recommended additional reading: Two new books focus on the Northwest voyages of Robert Gray and John Kendrick. Already in print is *Columbia's River: The Voyages of Robert Gray, 1787-1793* by J. Richard Nokes (Washington Historical Society, 352 pages, illustrated, \$39.95 hardcover, \$24.95 softcover). Soon to be released is *Hail, Columbia!* by John Scofield, a descendant of Kendrick (Oregon Historical Society, about \$20.00). Also available is a new edition of *Voyages of the Columbia to the Northwest Coast*, containing the logs from that ship, edited by Frederic W. Howay (Oregon Historical Society, 576 pages, \$40.00). Also of interest is *Northwest Explorations* by Gordon Speck (Binfords & Mort, 1954).

No known formal portrait of Ralph Earl exists, making this landscape view of Bennington, Vermont (opposite page), completed by the painter late in his career, of particular interest. Seated under a tree, an artist—presumably Earl himself—sketches a boy who may be Earl's own son Ralph, a young teen when this was painted in 1798.

Earl created this landscape for local tavern-keeper Elijah Dewey and his wife Mary, who hung it in their inn (the third building from right in the picture) along with their portraits. This work is one of the earliest town views painted by an American artist and provides both a fascinating look at a thriving village center of the late eighteenth century and a fairly accurate record of the structures as they then appeared. Although Earl foreshortened distances and slightly rearranged the positions of the houses to provide an unobstructed view of each, the topography of the landscape is rendered so precisely that he may have used a visual aid such as a camera obscura, commonplace at that time, to set the scene.

After Britain's colonies across the Atlantic gained their independence and became the United States of America, the citizens of the young republic faced the challenge of defining themselves as "Americans." Among the questions to be settled was how the new nation's people and culture would be described and portrayed through its literature and art. One of the first artists to create works reflecting this evolving national identity was Ralph Earl (1751-1801), a portrait and landscape painter whose artworks today include some of the most enduring images we have of American people and places during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Ironically, because for the most part Earl stayed out of the limelight and left virtually no contemporary papers, the significance of his artistic legacy has until recent years gone largely unrecognized.

Like many early American artists, Earl emerged from a simple background. The eldest of four sons, he was born on May 11, 1751 to a Massachusetts family of English Quaker ancestry, third-generation farmers with substantial acreage in Worcester County. Interestingly, Ralph, who stood to inherit the farm and lands, instead chose to pursue a lifestyle and career that differed markedly from the simple traditions of his forebears, who surely viewed art as a useless and unsuitable calling. His desire to become an artist is all the more exceptional considering the lack of available inspiration, instruction, or role models in his rural farming community.

Unlike his strongly idealistic father, Earl was a pragmatist. His artistic aspirations guided his actions, setting him apart from his rural colleagues and causing tension within his immediate family. In 1774, on the eve of the Revolution, the restless twenty-three-year-old youth turned his back on his agrarian roots to establish himself as a fledgling portrait and landscape painter in New Haven, Connecticut—thereby avoiding an inevitable call to enlist in his father's newly established militia company.

The following year Earl returned to marry his second cousin Sarah Gates, then five months pregnant. After the wedding, however, Earl went back to New Haven; he subsequently lived with his wife for only six months, long enough to father a second

child. No record of divorce between Ralph and Sarah has been found.

The first and ultimately most enduring influence on Earl's work was America's foremost artist of the day, John Singleton Copley (1738-1815), whose paintings Earl had ample opportunity to view in Boston. Earl's early commissions, mainly portraits of Connecticut patriots such as Roger Sherman [see page 46], reflect his emulation of Copley's muted colors, strong contrasts of light and shade, careful attention to detail, and powerful characterizations. During this period Earl also collaborated with his New Haven colleague, engraver Amos Doolittle, to produce sketches for four now well-known engravings of the 1775 Battles of Lexington and Concord.

Despite these early and seemingly patriotic endeavors, Earl was still determined simultaneously to avoid military service and develop his artistic career. He declared himself a Loyalist and in 1778, with the help of British Army officer John Money, fled to England, barely escaping imprisonment both for his refusal to take up arms and for some minor spying activities.

During the eight years that Earl lived in England, he divided his time between Norwich (the site of Captain Money's country estate) and London. The historical record is virtually blank concerning the artist's early years abroad; until 1782 he probably remained for the most part in Norwich, where his presence went unnoticed by the London artistic community.

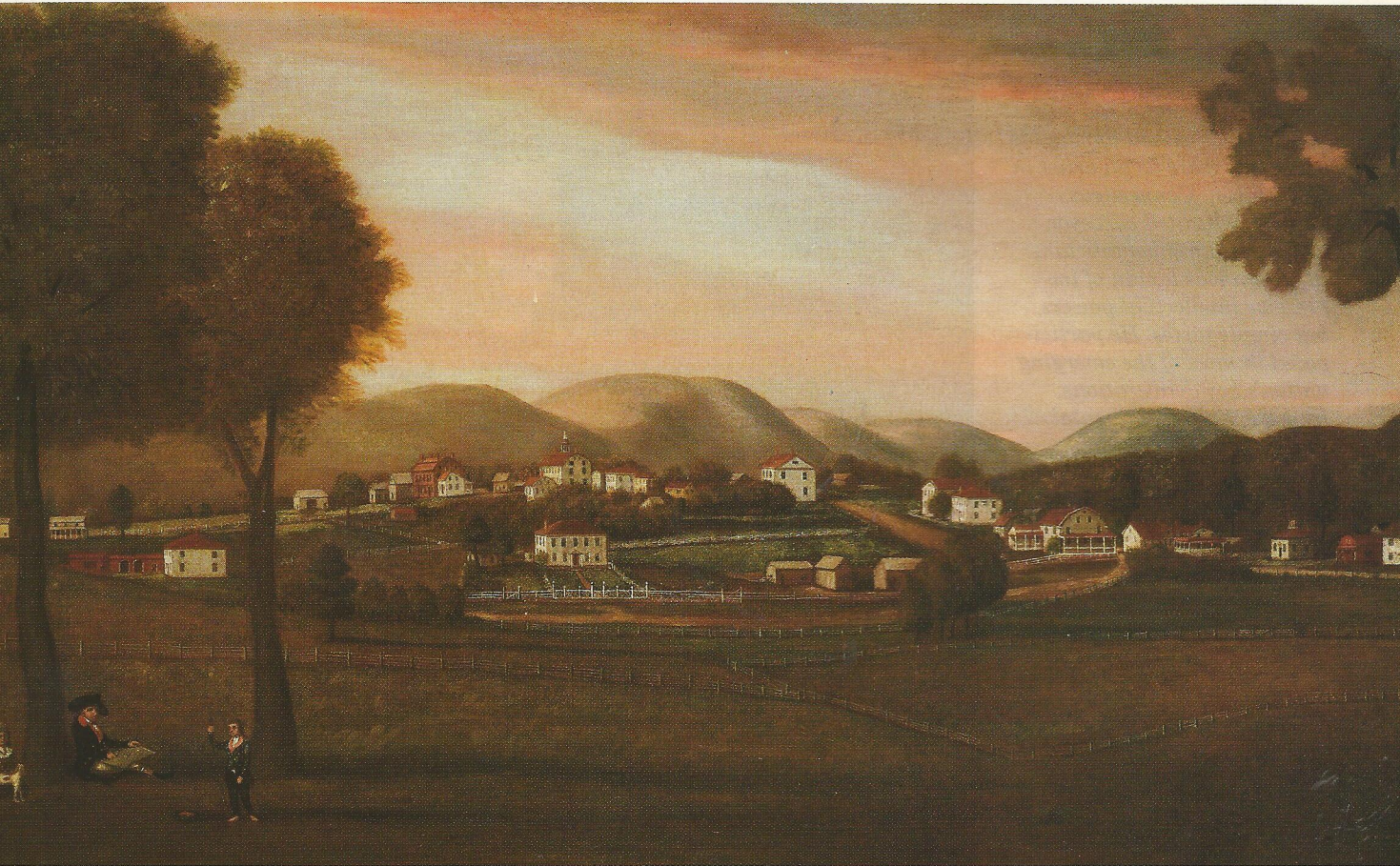
Despite his lack of substantial formal training, Earl soon learned that the dictates of fashion varied according to regional tastes and social rank, a lesson that he applied throughout the remainder of his artistic career. By 1783, he was part of the entourage of American artists in the London studio of Benjamin West (1738-1820), the first American painter to achieve international fame. There Earl absorbed the lessons of the British portrait tradition. His highly accomplished London and Windsor portraits, many of which he displayed at Royal Academy exhibitions, include military portraits and sporting pictures. In addition, Earl's growing interest in landscape art is evident in many of his English works.

Continued on page 51

This article is adapted from material in *Ralph Earl: The Face of the Young Republic* by Elizabeth Mankin Kornhauser with Richard Bushman, Stephen Kornhauser, and Aileen Ribeiro (Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 1991; 258 pages, illustrated, \$60.00). This catalogue complements the Ralph Earl exhibition organized by the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut and currently on view at Fort Worth's Amon Carter Museum through July 12, 1992.

AMERICA IN ART

Artist for the New Nation



Transforming the international style of art that he had mastered abroad into a form more suited to the restrained aesthetic sensibilities of his New England patrons, eighteenth-century painter Ralph Earl created defining icons of the young republic's people, land, and culture.

by Elizabeth Mankin Kornhauser

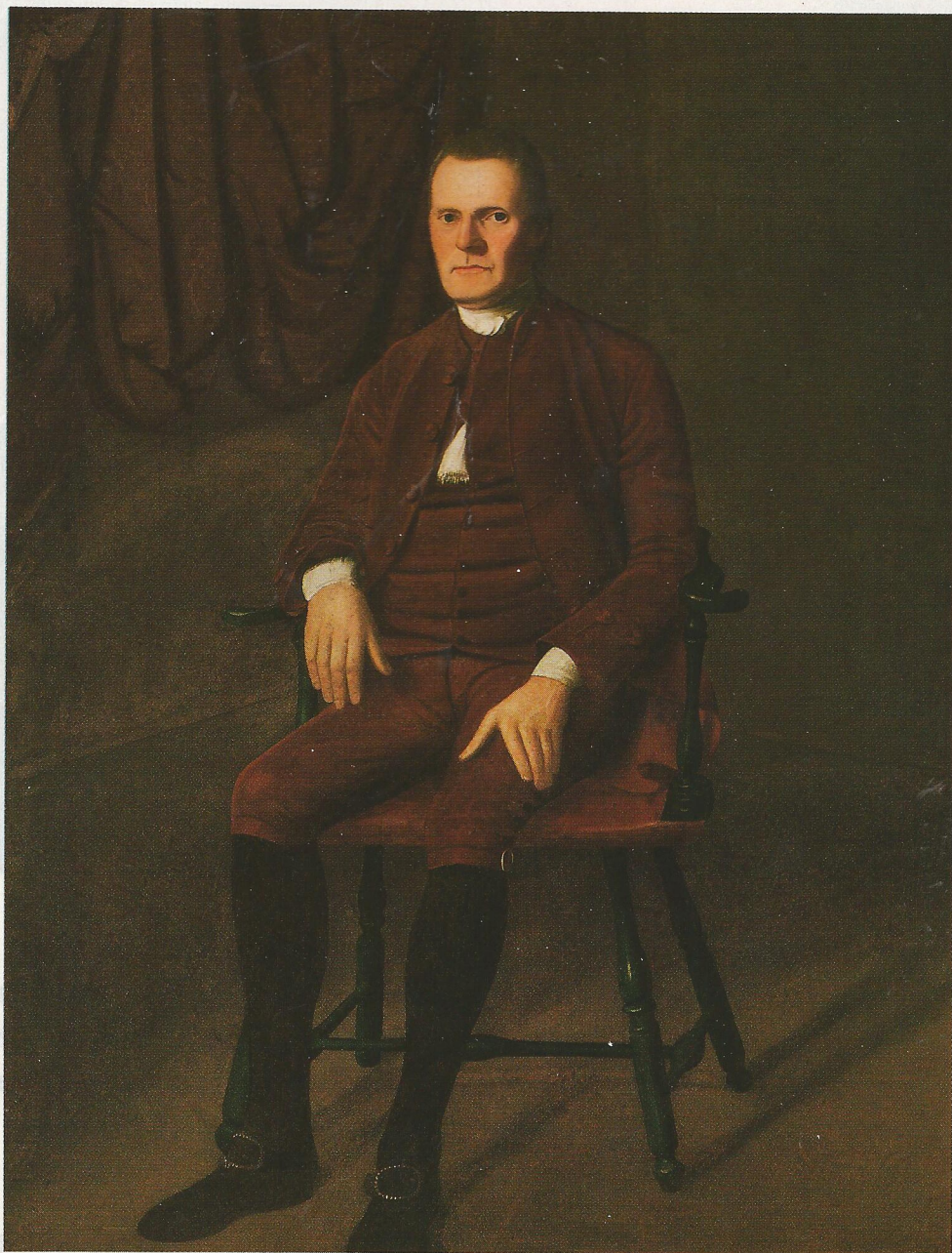
In 1778 Earl's life and career took a sudden turn when he abandoned his pregnant wife and child, declared himself a Tory, and, narrowly escaping imprisonment, fled to England to avoid military service. Earl remained in Great Britain for eight years, studying in the studio of American painter Benjamin West and absorbing the lessons of the British artistic tradition. In his 1784 portrait of "A Gentleman with a Gun and Two Dogs" (opposite), the artist demonstrated his mastery of conventional English portraiture in both composition and technique.

Earl also was capable of departing from convention and indulging in considerable wit: another sporting scene he painted in England depicts a dapper, self-satisfied hunter who has shot every animal in sight, including a number of non-game birds, a donkey, and even a cow.

Ralph Earl's circa 1775-76 portrait of Revolutionary War patriot Roger Sherman (right) was the most important commission he received during his formative years as an artist in New Haven, Connecticut.

A self-educated surveyor, lawyer, and mathematician, Sherman was a man of impressive intellectual powers but simple tastes. He participated in most of the emerging nation's key deliberations, from the First Continental Congress in 1774 to the Constitutional Convention in 1787. He became the only one of his contemporaries to sign the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Association, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the United States.

In this simple yet monumental portrait, the twenty-five-year-old artist successfully captured the Yankee virtues that Sherman represented: self-control, honesty, frugality, piousness, and industry. Although Sherman was not an elegant figure, "It was [he], more than any other man at the First Continental Congress," wrote one historian, "who epitomized the American character of the day."



PORTRAIT OF ROGER SHERMAN, CIRCA 1775-76; COLLECTION OF THE YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT; GIFT OF ROGER SHERMAN WHITE



A GENTLEMAN WITH A GUN AND TWO DOGS, 1784; COLLECTION OF THE WORCESTER ART MUSEUM,
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



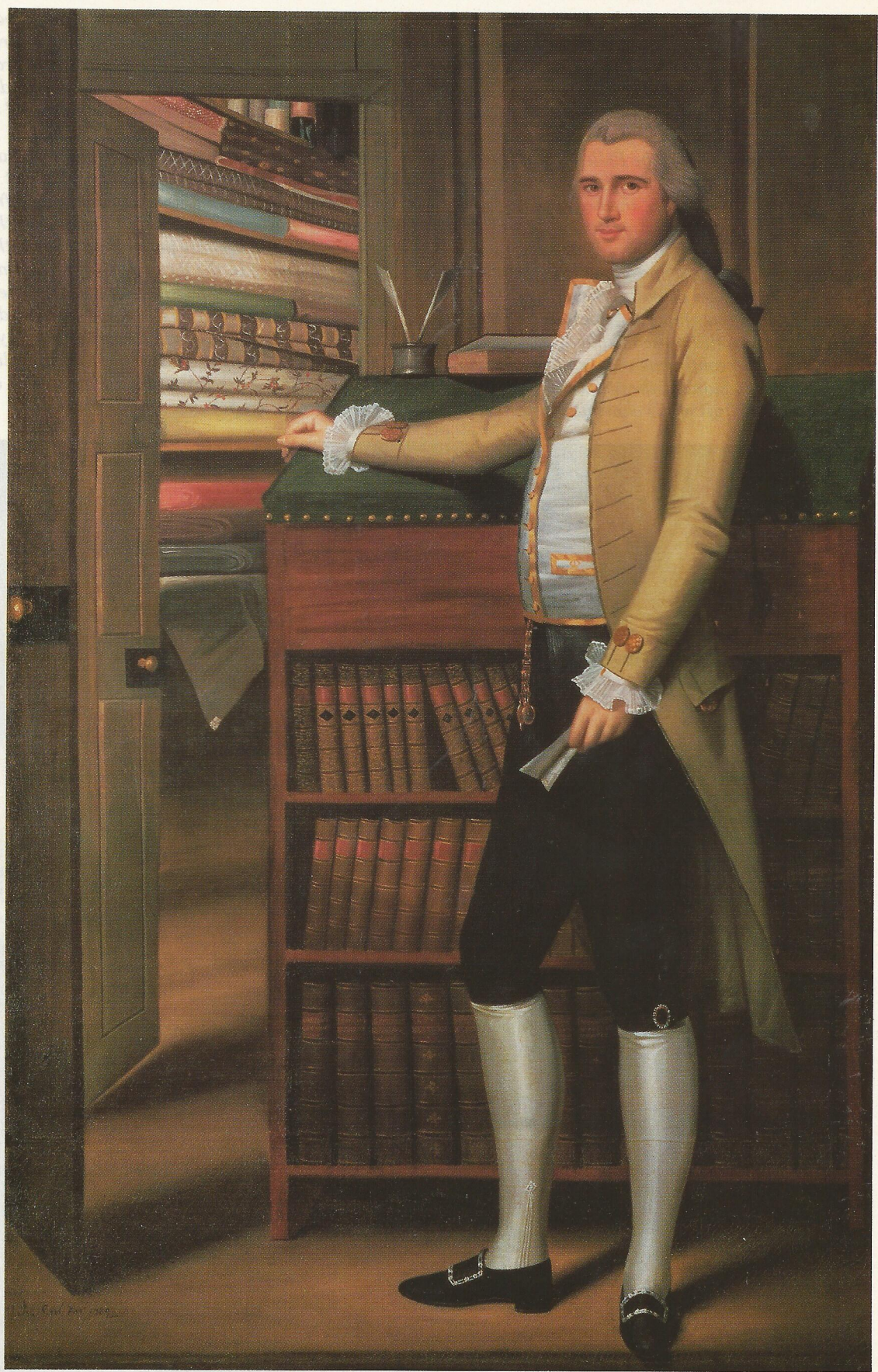
In 1785 Earl returned to the land of his birth, accompanied by a new wife. The following year, after establishing a studio in New York City, his career took another abrupt turn. Unable to repay a loan, the artist was thrown into debtor's prison. Fortunately for Earl, a charitable organization of influential citizens—the Society for the Relief of Distressed Debtors—came to his rescue. The wealthy patrons commissioned likenesses of themselves and family members, eventually enabling Earl to accumulate enough funds to regain his freedom. According to tradition the portrait (opposite) of Elizabeth Schuyler Hamilton—daughter of Philip Schuyler, one of George Washington's favorite generals, and the wife of Alexander Hamilton—was among those Earl painted while in confinement. In spite of the awkward circumstances, the artist created a sensuous and elegant portrait of his charming subject.

Following his release from prison, Earl embarked on a successful new career as an itinerant portrait and landscape painter in the rural and semi-rural communities of Connecticut, where local landowners, politicians, and businessmen commissioned enough work to support him for the next ten years.

Reflecting the spirit of the Constitutional era, Earl's 1792 painting of Oliver and Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth (below) remains his masterpiece from this period in his career. Painted at the Ellsworth's home in Windsor, the life-size portrait celebrated their respective roles in the formation of the new nation—Oliver as an ardent patriot and leader of the new republic, and Abigail as the keeper of their domestic world. A self-made man, Ellsworth had played a crucial role in drafting, ratifying, and amplifying the Constitution; in this painting he holds a copy of the just-ratified document in his hand.



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Earl became the first of West's students to return to America after the conclusion of the Revolution, bringing with him a new bride, Ann Whiteside. After a four- or five-month sojourn in Boston, the artist in 1785 established himself in New York City, then the liveliest urban center in America and the seat of national and state governments. There his inability to repay a modest debt led to his imprisonment in New York's debtor's prison from September 1786 to January 1788.

While in confinement, Earl was fortunate to obtain the support of a recently established benevolent organization—the Society for the Relief of Distressed Debtors—composed of some of New York's most illustrious families. The group came to the impoverished artist's aid by commissioning him to paint portraits of themselves, their families, and friends during his incarceration. A portrait of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton [page 48], a series portraying heroes of the American Revolution, and other paintings depicting members of the newly formed Society of the Cincinnati eventually provided Earl with enough funds to obtain his release. Tragically, while in prison the artist succumbed to alcoholism, which, added to his earlier disloyalty to his country, his apparent bigamy, and his indebtedness, further damaged his reputation.

Release from debtor's prison marked a turning point in Earl's life. With the help of a court-appointed guardian, Dr. Mason Fitch Cogswell, the thirty-seven-year-old painter now modified both his ambitions and his artistic style, embarking on a new career as an itinerant artist in the agriculture-based society of Connecticut. There, during the next decade, the artist enjoyed his greatest successes, painting portraits and landscapes.

Through this work, Earl furthered the formation of a national imagery by portraying a segment of American society that never before had received the attention of a trained and gifted artist. His early upbringing in Worcester County allowed Earl to comprehend the restrained tastes, republican virtues, and pious values of the region's inhabitants. Ironically, considering the artist's former Loyalist leanings, a great number of his subjects comprised American war heroes.

Earl achieved the desired effect in his New England portraits by a deliberate rejection of the aristocratic imagery he had earlier mastered, cleverly tempering his

academic style to suit his subjects' modest pretensions. The formal qualities of his English and New York portraits gave way to more realistic portrayals of his subjects and surroundings, including their distinctive attire, furnishings, homes, landscapes, and emblems of the new nation.

In addition, Earl adapted a more simplified technique, using broad brush strokes and favoring primary colors—pigments that were more widely available in the remote regions where he worked. Finally, Earl was one of only a few American artists in the 1790s to receive commissions for landscape paintings, an art form still rare in America at that time.

In 1798, Earl moved north to Vermont and western Massachusetts in search of new portrait and landscape commissions. At this time he also became the first American artist to travel to Niagara Falls, where he made sketches of the "Stupendous Cataract," from which he created a panorama that measured nearly fifteen by thirty feet. The spectacular canvas was placed on public view in 1799 in North American cities to great success, and later traveled to London.

Settling in Northampton, Massachusetts, Earl passed the last two years of his life painting and teaching. During a visit to Bolton, Connecticut in 1801 the fifty-year-old artist finally succumbed to the rigors of continual travel and effects of alcoholism.

During a career that spanned nearly three decades, Earl distinguished himself as an artist of exceptional breadth and power. His own life experience symbolized the struggle that all Americans faced during the Revolution and the formative years of the new nation. After his return to America, Earl's rural roots and innate artistic skill enabled him to transform the international portrait style he had learned abroad into a form more suited to the aesthetic sensibilities of his New England patrons, making him one of the most talented and ingenious painters of his era.

Ralph Earl's artistic legacy has endured, first through the works of the many followers who imitated his style and technique, and more recently through our recognition that his paintings provide defining icons of the people and culture of the young republic. ★

Elizabeth Mankin Kornhauser is curator of American paintings, sculpture, and drawings at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut; curator of the current exhibition "Ralph Earl: The Face of the Young Republic"; and the major author of its accompanying catalogue.

Epitomizing the entrepreneurial spirit of the new republic, Earl's 1789 portrait of Connecticut merchant Elijah Boardman (opposite page) ranks among his finest works. One of five shopkeepers in the prospering town of New Milford, Boardman was here depicted at work in his shop, near his counting desk, with a view of his merchandise beyond. This was an unconventional background for a portrait; merchants more traditionally had been painted as gentlemen, in domestic settings. The painting is also noteworthy as the artist's finest example of trompe l'oeil illusionism: the life-size figure seemingly steps off the floorboards and out of the picture plane into the viewer's space. The shop setting is ingeniously conceived, with the two doors at left creating the illusion of two rooms, one of them stocked with Boardman's inventory of expensive imported fabrics.

ARTIFACTS

Recently placed on display in a Clay County, Missouri museum, a seemingly innocuous bowl-shaped disc of wrought iron once played a central, if unintended role in generating public sympathy for a pair of notorious outlaws—Jesse and Frank James.

The Pinkerton Bomb

by Harry A. Soltysiak

Shortly after midnight on January 26, 1875, shattered window panes crashed to the kitchen floor of Zerelda Samuel's farmhouse near Kearney, Missouri. The portly fifty-year-old mother of wanted outlaws Jesse and Frank James awoke to the commotion.

Reuben Samuel, the brothers' stepfather, smelled smoke. Hurrying outside into the snow and finding the west end of the house ablaze, he began pulling off the burning clapboards.

Zerelda, followed by at least one of her children, rushed into the kitchen, where she found her servants, a black woman and her children, terrified and cringing in a corner. Their bed quilt was in flames. Zerelda tore the bedding free and threw it outside. Then she saw a large round object burning brightly on the floor beneath the broken window. She tried kicking the infernal device toward the fireplace, but it proved too heavy.

Now Reuben ran into the kitchen. Working together and using a shovel and a poker, the couple finally managed to scoop the cumbersome iron ball into the hearth. This proved to be a terrible mistake: the instant the de-

vice hit the hot embers it exploded with a deafening, guttural roar, blowing Reuben across the room in a shower of sparks. Blood splattered the walls as a jagged shard of wrought iron struck little Archie Samuel in his side; the eight-year-old boy later died from loss of blood. Fragments also struck the child's mother, shattering her right forearm.

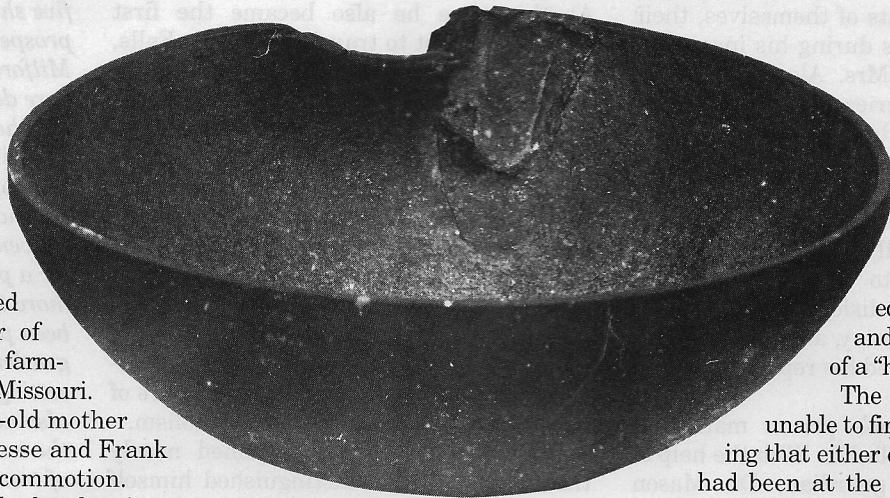
Three days after the fatal bombing, Missouri's new governor, Charles Hardin, instructed his adjutant general, George Bingham, to investigate the incident. "I had [an interview] of some length with Mrs. Samuels [*sic*]," Bingham later reported. "She has had the advantages of an early education, and seems to be endowed with a vigorous intellect and masculine will." During his interview Bingham saw the bandaged stump of Zerelda's right arm, which had been amputated

below her elbow. He was shown a piece of the accursed weapon—a four-pound bowl-shaped disc of wrought iron—and described it as part of a "hand grenade."

The adjutant general was unable to find any evidence showing that either of the James brothers had been at the farm during the attack. "If they were in the house at the time they could only have escaped through the cowardice of those attempting their capture," noted Bingham. "Four pistol reports were heard by neighbors as they came toward the building, but when they reached it the parties perpetrating the outrage had disappeared. Who were these parties?"

The press immediately leveled the finger of suspicion at the Pinkerton National Detective Agency. The *Kansas City Times* reported that "a locomotive and a caboose left this city [shortly before midnight on January 25] and in it were several men known to have been Pinkertons."

Ironically, Allan Pinkerton, founder of the famed detective agency, once had been a fugitive himself. In 1840, while still a young man in his native Scotland, Pinkerton had become em-



broiled in the Chartist uprising, a movement advocating social and political reform. Escaping imminent arrest, the young barrel maker fled to America in 1842.

The following year, Pinkerton opened a cooperage factory at Dundee, Illinois, fifty miles north of Chicago. But after helping local police uncover a counterfeiting ring in 1847, he became interested in law enforcement. In 1850 he established in Chicago his detective agency—an independent police force that could cross county and state boundaries in the pursuit of criminals. When the Civil War erupted in 1861, President Abraham Lincoln engaged Pinkerton to establish a U.S. secret service.

By 1868, Pinkerton's compulsive work habits and the pressures of his business began to take their toll; he grew irritable and unreasonable, believing that mysterious "powers" worked to destroy the agency: "The year 1868 has been marked by a determined fight against us," Pinkerton wrote, "but I tremble not before it. I feel no power on earth is able to check me, no power in Heaven or Hell can influence me when I know I am right."

In 1869 an intense stroke paralyzed the detective, who barely could speak for a year. Pinkerton's sons, William and Robert, managed the administration of the agency until their father returned two years later.

On June 3, 1871 an event transpired that launched Pinkerton on a consuming and ultimately fruitless quest that would dog him throughout the remainder of his career. Four men robbed the Ocock Brothers' bank at Corydon, Iowa, and escaped with \$6,000. From descriptions, authorities suspected Jesse and Frank James and their accomplices Cole Younger and Clell Miller. The bank retained the Pinkerton agency to track down the criminals. Dispatched to Iowa, Robert Pinkerton organized a posse and followed the outlaws' trail south.

In rural Missouri, where many people viewed the detectives as the strong arm of rich corporations and the enemy of the working man, Pinkerton encountered contempt and received little cooperation. Miller, the only suspect ever arrested, was acquitted when his neighbors provided

him with an alibi. Such was to be the frustrating course of Pinkerton's search for the wily outlaws.

The name Jesse James—Pinkerton's most elusive criminal adversary—evokes images of a mysterious gunman on a fleet horse galloping across the country like a ghost in the moonlight.

Born September 5, 1847, Jesse was nearly five years younger than his notorious brother Frank. He was barely



three when the boys' father, Baptist minister Robert James, left for the California gold fields, intent on organizing a church there. But Robert soon died of cholera, leaving Zerelda with her boys and a baby daughter.

In 1852 Zerelda remarried, but after only nine months she left this husband. Then, in 1855 she married Reuben Samuel, a doctor-farmer from her native state of Kentucky. Their marriage resulted in four more children—Sallie, Fannie, John, and Archie.

During the Civil War both Jesse and Frank rode with a hard-driving and often ruthless band of Southern guerrillas who harassed the Union forces ruling Missouri and its immediate neighbors. Following the South's defeat, the brothers (eventually joining with fellow Missourians Jim and Cole Younger) applied their war-learned skills to a new career as outlaws (or as they probably saw themselves, unreconstructed guerrillas), undertaking a spectacular series of bank holdups and train robberies. By

the time Jesse came to Pinkerton's attention in 1871, he already had become a symbol of the undefeated Southern spirit.

To comprehend the James brothers' contemporary popularity, one must understand the times in which they lived. Industrialism following the Civil War marked a new phase in American history. "Our late war," wrote William Sylvis, organizer of the Iron-Molders Union, "resulted in the building up of the most moneyed aristocracy on the face of the earth. The moneyed power is fast eating up the substance of the people."

The nation's railroads, more than anything else, symbolized this age of rising industrial capitalism. As more and more Americans perceived that their well-being depended upon the decisions of the tycoons who ran the railroads, popular resentment grew.

Although James and Pinkerton stood at the opposite ends of conflicting ideologies, parallels appear in the brooding natures of the two men. Both believed that the ends of an objective justified the means of attaining it—and each rationalized with equally unswerving conviction the bloodshed he engendered.

On January 31, 1874, the James-Younger gang pulled off a train robbery at Gads Hill, a tiny hamlet in southeastern Missouri. The outlaws' masterful manipulation of their public image made this robbery noteworthy—the gang examined each male passenger's hands for callouses to determine if he were a working man. According to reports, one of the robbers stated that the gang "did not want to rob working men and ladies, but the money and valuables of the plug-hat gentlemen." Thus did the bandits establish a Robin Hood image.

After taking between \$2,000 to \$22,000 (estimates vary widely) from the passengers, mail, and express safe, the outlaws sent the train on its way toward Little Rock. But before riding away, one of the thieves handed a crewman a written description of the incident—"The Most Daring Robbery on Record"—to give to the newspapers.

Few doubted that the heist at Gads Hill had been the work of the James and Younger brothers. Missouri governor Silas Woodson offered a \$2,000

reward for the "bodies of each of the robbers"—and the Pinkerton agency promptly renewed its effort to track down the criminals.

On March 10, 1874, twenty-six-year-old Pinkerton detective John W. Whicher arrived in Liberty, Missouri on the morning train. Whicher spoke with Clay County sheriff George Patton and county recorder S.G. Sandusky, reading descriptions of five different men and asking if any resembled the James brothers. (Having no photographs of the robbers, lawmen were seriously handicapped in identifying them.)

Whicher then told Patton of his plan to infiltrate the outlaw gang. Disguised as a migrant laborer, he intended to get himself hired at the nearby Samuel farm. When an opportunity arose, the detective would arrange for the capture of the James brothers.

The sheriff warned Whicher that his scheme was foolish—his soft hands would give him away. Ex-sheriff Oliver Moss also attempted to discourage the detective. Moss told Whicher that even if the James brothers were not at home, "The old woman would kill you if the boys don't." Undeterred, Whicher bought a ticket for Kearney and left on the five o'clock train.

Early the next morning a laborer walking down the road near Independence, Missouri, across the Missouri River, found the detective's body. He had been bound, gagged, and shot in the head, heart, and stomach. The only evidence in the case came from the operator of the Blue Mills ferry, who had been awakened early that morning by three men who forced him to take them across the river. The ferryman noticed his passengers had a prisoner tied up and slung over a saddle. The men claimed they were officers and their prisoner a horse thief.

Only a week after detective Whicher's murder, the Pinkertons lost two more operatives, Louis Lull and Edwin Daniel, in a gunfight with John and Jim Younger near Monegaw Springs. John, shot through the neck, also died.

By this time, lawlessness in Missouri had become a hotly debated political controversy. Republican radicals had ruled Missouri since the Civil War; but the election of Governor Woodson in 1872 signaled the resurgence of the Dem-

ocratic party. In a failing effort to regain power, Republicans seized upon the crime issue to split Union and ex-rebel Democrats. The Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania *Commercial* condemned the "bandit state of Missouri" where law was "set at defiance by a gang of notorious robbers and cut-throats who plunder and terrorize the State with impunity, disturbed only by occasional visits from officers of other Commonwealths, who are promptly murdered on sight."

Sheriff Patton and the citizens of Clay County came under especially severe national criticism. The New



York *Star* published a letter from Robert Pinkerton that accused Patton of betraying detective Whicher. "While working up the case," Pinkerton wrote, "we established the fact beyond all cavil that two hours after Whicher had made known his strategem to the Sheriff, that official was seen to stealthily enter the house of the [Samuel] family and forewarn them of the trap that was being laid for the [James] boys." In response, Patton denounced Pinkerton as a "villainous slanderer and falsitier."

Nevertheless, on March 23, 1874, Governor Woodson asked the General Assembly of Missouri to pass a \$10,000 appropriation to hire secret agents to capture the outlaws. The governor's proposal passed by a large majority in both the Senate and the House.

A mere month later, on April 24, Jesse James married his cousin Zee Mimms and boldly rode down Kearney's Jefferson Street, waving a Winchester rifle and greeting friends. The same day, the Liberty *Tribune* pub-

lished a report from Sheriff Patton detailing the progress of his efforts to capture the outlaw.

The St. Louis *Democrat* reported that Jesse and Frank James recently had been recognized in Kansas City. "Where are the Pinkerton detectives? Where are the men the Governor is authorized to employ—\$10,000 appropriated—to catch these outlaws?" the *Democrat* demanded, nevertheless ironically noting that "while we abhor the crimes of the James boys, we cannot but admire their bravery."

Such unabashed veneration of a band of murderous outlaws galled Allan Pinkerton, who believed Whicher had been bound and gagged in "Castle James," as some newspapers now referred to the Samuel farmhouse; Pinkerton wanted it removed from the face of the earth.

Despite public romanticism of the outlaws, a patient, systematic effort to kill or capture the James brothers finally was initiated. At the end of his administration, Governor Woodson hired two private investigators, J.W. Ragsdale and George Warren, who sent an operative named Jack Ladd to obtain work on a farm adjacent to the Samuel property.

Ladd hired out to Daniel Askew, who farmed land northeast of the Samuels. According to local tradition, Ladd was a capable farmer, spoke the dialect of the area, and became popular in the neighborhood. On Sundays he accompanied the Askews to church services.

With a cooperative informant watching the Samuel farm, Pinkerton could swing into action at last. In subsequent correspondence with P.H. Woodward, his chief special agent in Washington, D.C., Pinkerton revealed that he had been "precisely assured that the James boys and other of their friends were at home in their Mother's house . . . on Monday, Jan. 25, at 5 P.M.*"

Later that evening, the branch of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway between Kansas City and Cameron was closed to all regular traffic. As midnight neared, a chartered train consisting solely of a locomotive and ca-

*Maryland historian Ted Yeatman recently discovered copies of this and other previously unknown letters in Pinkerton Agency files in the Library of Congress.

boose pulled out of Kansas City and clattered across the Hannibal bridge, carrying Pinkerton's "soldiers" into Clay County.

It is likely that a large part of the raiding force held horses and waited to flag down the train a mile and a half north of the Kearney depot. According to the Pinkertons, as many as "ten trustworthy Clay County citizens" were involved in the plot.

The night was cold, dark, and damp. A wet snow had fallen during the day; the rolling countryside stood out in stark contrast as the detectives and vigilantes mounted up and rode toward the Samuel farm. Reaching the Haynesville road near the home, seven of the raiders dismounted and picketed their horses. Four or five others circled around from the direction of the Askew farm, crossing a small stream at the northeast fringe of the Samuel property and tying their mounts behind the barn. Approaching on foot, the first group took up a position behind an icehouse west of the farmhouse.

A confidential Pinkerton agency letter to Woodward, written two days after the bombing, described the unsuccessful effort to trap the James brothers: "After getting things ready we advanced on the house . . . we were well supplied with Greek Fire, balls of cotton well saturated with combustible material . . . not a word was spoken, and about half past twelve said night, we commenced firing the building, where we found the windows fastened on the inside with broken boards . . . Such is the manner in which the house is kept, it is a perfect citidel, however my men were equal to the occasion, and soon battered in the windows, then flung the fireballs into the house, wild cries of dismay were heard from the inside, and soon the residents ran from the house which was lit up as bright as day."

Pinkerton later steadfastly maintained that the device thrown into the house had not been a bomb but a flare (intended to light up the interior and thus expose the outlaw brothers), and that the fatal explosion had been simply an accident caused by the device coming into contact with the hot coals in the fireplace. He further claimed that he had "given positive orders that no harm was to be done to the woman

or Mr. Samuels [*sic*], and no one that was there." However, a month before the raid, he wrote to Samuel Hardwicke, a local attorney under his employ, "Above everything destroy the house . . . burn the house down."

Regardless of Pinkerton's assertions, Zerelda Samuel's maiming and the murder of her innocent child outraged the nation. The bungled raid fortified the James brothers' image as persecuted family men and stereotyped the Pinkertons as villainous thugs.

Further fury raged against Pinkerton when the day after the bombing, a pistol stamped "P.G.G."—the insignia of the Pinkerton Government Guard—turned up near the Samuel farm icehouse. Assuming the Pinkertons' guilt, newspapers widely condemned the attack. Even the Richmond, Missouri *Conservator*, printed in a community where three citizens were killed during a bank robbery the Jameses staged in 1867, commented that the "James boys never fired a dwelling at midnight."

When Pinkerton learned that a Clay County grand jury sought a murder indictment against his operatives, he contemptuously confided to his son Robert in New York: "I have little to say about this subject; the fact is they are trying their best to get an indictment against some of my men for the operation . . . where James' mother had met with a merited and fearful punishment."

On August 4, 1875, Jesse James wrote self-righteously to the editor of the Nashville, Tennessee *Banner*, "Joe Witchers [*sic*] came to Clay County, Mo., March 9 1874, and went to the honorable sheriff . . . with ten thousand lies, and that night he was kidnapped and got his just deserts; and it was in revenge for that the Pinkerton force tried to destroy an innocent, helpless family . . . [Pinkerton] may vindicate himself with some, but he better never dare show his Scottish face again in Western Mo . . . or he will meet the fate of his comrades, Capt. Lull & Witcher [*sic*] . . ."

In March the Clay County grand jury brought indictments for murder against Pinkerton, Ladd, and half a dozen others suspected of complicity in the bombing. The records, however,

Continued on page 73

No doubt about it . . . that's it!" exclaimed Gieselle A.B. Fest, historic sites director for Clay County, Missouri, as she examined a historic four-pound piece of wrought iron that had been lost for more than a decade. "This is probably one of the most noted missing artifacts in the country. With the recent discovery of the Pinkerton letters, to actually find the bomb in the same year is remarkable."

The letters to which Fest referred are copies of correspondence written by detective agency director Allan Pinkerton, found in 1991 by Maryland historian Ted Yeatman in a Pinkerton Agency copybook at the Library of Congress. The correspondence sheds new light on Pinkerton's involvement in the notorious January 26, 1875 midnight raid that claimed the life of Jesse and Frank James's young half-brother Archie Samuel and maimed their mother Zerelda Samuel after a "Greek fire" bomb hurled by Pinkerton operatives exploded in the family's hearth.

The section of bomb casing that survived that explosion had been displayed for years in a glass case at the Samuel farmhouse. Then, in 1978, shortly after Clay County acquired the farm for preservation as a historic site and museum, the casing mysteriously disappeared. In 1991 staff members became aware of the artifact's location, negotiated for it, and were able to recover it from an obscure collection. Today it is on display once again at the restored birthplace of the James brothers, located about four miles east of Kearney, Missouri.

According to Yeatman, the fragment "is one of the most significant James artifacts in existence. Its recovery will probably aid in authenticating the kind of device the Pinkertons threw."

Jay Lawson, commissioner of eastern Clay County, was equally elated at the return of the casing. "I think it dispels the rumor that the Pinkertons came in with a bottle of kerosene and threw it into the house to light it up. [The bomb] wasn't used for that purpose." ★



BATTLES WON & LOST

Fighting without hope of reinforcements or relief, ninety thousand American and Philippine troops waged a courageous but doomed defense of Luzon's Bataan Peninsula and nearby Corregidor Island during the early months of 1942.

Agony in the Pacific

by Frank Taylor

The phone in General Douglas MacArthur's Manila Hotel penthouse suite rang shortly after 3:35 A.M. on Monday morning, December 8, 1941.* Answering it himself, the commander of U.S. Army forces in the Far East learned from his chief of staff, Brigadier General Richard K. Sutherland, that word just had come in that Pearl Harbor had been bombed by Japanese aircraft.

Amazingly, Sutherland's information had not derived from any official source but rather from a California commercial news broadcast an Army signalman happened to hear at about 3:30 A.M. The enlisted man's hearsay news had moved up the chain of command via telephone.

This incredibly casual announcement of the start of war between the Empire of Japan and the United States was only too representative of the confusion and paralysis that gripped supreme military headquarters at 1 Calle Victoria in Manila for the next nine hours.

Official word of the surprise attack in fact had reached the Philippines during the opening minutes of the raid. At about 2:30 A.M. (8:00 A.M. in Hawaii), the U.S. Navy's Asiatic Fleet headquarters in Manila intercepted an AIR RAID PEARL HARBOR X THIS IS

NO DRILL message sent out from Oahu's Ford Island Naval Air Station. Half an hour later the message reached Admiral Thomas C. Hart, commander of American naval forces in the Far East. Inexplicably, Hart promptly put his own officers and ships on alert but failed to pass on immediately the shocking news to MacArthur's headquarters.

Nevertheless, shortly after Sutherland's initial call, the general's staff was bombarded with information. A 3:40 A.M. telephone call from the War Department in Washington, D.C. warned that the Philippines might be the victim of a similar sneak attack. Two hours later an official cable arrived with the same basic information.

MacArthur rushed to his headquarters. There, despite the flurry of activity around him, he appeared to be temporarily stunned by the news of Pearl Harbor and couldn't seem to react decisively.

None of "Black Monday's" events should have come as a surprise to MacArthur, who prudently had placed his command on full alert November 27. During November 29-30, Navy patrol planes flying out of Manila had sighted a Japanese troop convoy, escorted by warships, heading south in the vicinity of French Indochina. On December 1, several unidentified aircraft thought to

*At this hour it was still Sunday, December 7 at Pearl Harbor and in the continental United States.



Catching Luzon's defenders unprepared, Japanese air raids during December 8-10 devastated military installations, including several Army air bases with their planes, and the Cavite Navy Yard (above).

be Japanese were sighted near Clark Field, the big American air base fifty miles northwest of Manila, and a short time later a radar unit stationed at Iba Field, on the coast forty miles west of Clark, tracked unidentified planes out to sea. On December 6 a flight of P-40 fighters chased off a group of "Zeros" over Luzon.

Probably the most indispensable of all the general's subordinate officers that morning was Major General Lewis Brereton, commander of the newly formed Far East Air Force. Brereton had about 275 aircraft at his disposal in the Philippines on December 8. Most of them—including 107 ready-for-duty P-40 fighters—were parked at half a dozen airfields across Luzon. Seventeen of Brereton's thirty-five brand-new B-17 bombers were on the ground at Clark Field; the remaining two squadrons had been sent to Mindanao, out of reach of Japanese bombers on Formosa, five hundred miles north of the Philippine capital.

Anxious for orders, Brereton arrived at MacArthur's headquarters by 5 A.M. The air chief sought permission to send his B-17s on an immediate bombing raid against Formosa. Despite the urgency of Brereton's request, his repeated attempts to meet with MacArthur were thwarted; Sutherland told the flier that the supreme commander was too busy to see him. And until

MacArthur approved it, no offensive action by the Far East Air Force could be taken against enemy air bases or ships.

At a little after 7 A.M., while Brereton still cooled his heels at MacArthur's headquarters, his boss in Washington, D.C., General Henry H. "Hap" Arnold, called to warn him to disperse his planes so that they couldn't be wiped out by a surprise attack on the airfields. Brereton followed Arnold's advice and ordered the B-17s aloft without bombs, to patrol over Luzon.

At military airfields on Formosa, meanwhile, the crews of nearly two hundred Japanese Navy warplanes awaited orders for takeoff. Fog blanketing the island since midnight had prevented most of the aircraft there from embarking on a planned surprise attack against the Philippines.

Finally, by about 10:15 A.M., nearly eight hours after war had commenced, the skies over Formosa cleared. Although the element of surprise now plainly was lost, the Japanese high command decided to go ahead with its planned attack. One hundred and eight bombers, accompanied by eighty-four Zero fighters, took off on the long flight south to Luzon, their crews fully expecting to meet a determined and prepared enemy.

At about 11:30 A.M., the radar crew at Iba

began tracking a large echo that indicated an immense flight of aircraft was approaching Luzon from the north at more than two hundred miles an hour. Elsewhere along the shoreline, dozens of civilian coast watchers saw and reported the armada of planes as it droned overhead. The alarming news was sent to the air warning center near Manila, where plotters began tracking the flight. At 11:45 A.M. the center teletyped a warning to Clark Field. But apparently no one was watching the airfield's teletypes; the message, unnoticed, remained neatly typed in the machine for the next several hours.

Static negated subsequent attempts to alert Clark by radio, but an officer finally managed to get through by telephone. Although the connection was weak, a lieutenant received the call and promised to "pass the word." The vital message never was delivered to anyone in authority.

Brereton, meanwhile, had ordered his bombers back from their morning flight. By 11:30 A.M. the B-17s were on the ground at Clark; while their crews ate lunch, ground crews began loading cameras and bombs for a projected reconnaissance flight and subsequent bombing attack against Formosa, now tentatively approved for later in the afternoon or the following morning. Close by, rows of P-40s just returned from patrol were being refueled.

The excited radar operators at Iba continued to track the approaching flight and to send frantic warnings until more than a hundred planes broke off from the main formation and dove straight for the airfield. Japanese bombers and fighters destroyed the radar installation, along with sixteen hapless P-40s that just had landed to refuel.

Shortly after lunch someone in the Clark Field mess hall shouted that a Manila radio station had just reported that Clark was under attack (it was actually Iba Field). Considerable laughter erupted among those pilots who heard the announcement.

Apolinar Sangalang was a corporal in the Philippine Scouts a half century ago, stationed at Fort Stotsenberg, adjacent to Clark Field. Sometime between 12:10 and 12:35 P.M. (estimates differ), a low moan rolled over the air base. As the noise slowly increased, Sangalang looked up to see what seemed to be a small, dark cloud approaching. Within seconds he realized the "cloud" was a massed formation of aircraft.

"For a while we thought the planes were

friendly," Sangalang recalls, "but suddenly we saw them swooping down and heard a big explosion. Then we realized they were Japanese aircraft. Our planes were caught parked on the ground, so none were spared."

The first wave of twenty-seven twin-engine bombers made runs over the base at twenty-two thousand feet, followed by a second wave of dive bombers. Meanwhile, most of the personnel at the base were caught in the open as Zero fighters swept in at treetop level, strafing buildings, planes, and men.

During the nearly hour-long attack, Sangalang and his companions hugged the earth and prayed as the airfield rocked to a continuous thunder of explosions, accompanied by the shrieks of the wounded and the roar of fires. "It seemed like the end of the world," recalled one survivor.

When the last enemy aircraft disappeared over the horizon soon after 1:30 P.M., Clark Field as a functioning air base no longer existed. Sangalang, still shaking from the furious aerial assault, stood up and looked around. Fires raged everywhere, throwing black plumes of oily smoke so high they could be seen from General MacArthur's penthouse balcony, fifty miles to the south.

Nearly one hundred American aircraft had been destroyed in the day's action, including twenty-five P-40s and a dozen of the precious B-17s. More than eighty men were dead and 150 wounded. In contrast to these heavy losses, only seven Japanese planes had been shot down. Despite the benefit of nine hours' warning, surprise at Clark had been as total—and destruction as complete—as at Pearl Harbor.

Two days later the Japanese bombers and fighters returned in force, striking Nichols and Nielson fields and the nearby Cavite Navy Yard, all located just south of Manila. The naval installation, transformed into an inferno of flames and detonations during the two-hour raid, was almost totally destroyed. More than five hundred men lay dead or wounded.

Francisco "Frankie" Respicio, then a private in the Philippine Scouts, clearly remembers the Japanese attack on Nichols Field. "The enemy planes came in close formation from the north," he recalls, "and I thought to myself, 'They look better, more modern than our B-17s.' Then the bombs started hitting and I stopped looking until it was over.

Despite the benefit of nine hours' warning, surprise had been as total—and destruction as complete—as at Pearl Harbor.



"We were caught in the open country and had to 'take it' without any protection. Lots of men in my unit were wounded or killed. One thing I remember very clearly. Some of our fighter planes got off the ground and started to dogfight the Japanese. All of the P-40s I could see were shot down.

"Then a terrible thing happened. Everyone on the ground was so excited that they shot our own pilots as they parachuted to earth. We mistook them for the enemy and riddled them with bullets as they drifted down. It was a tragedy, but no one could tell the difference between Japanese and American pilots."

The raids of December 8-10 were stunning successes for the Japanese. By December 12 Brereton had only thirty-three airworthy fighters left at his Luzon bases. Thus deprived of fighter cover, he soon was forced to evacuate his remaining B-17s to Australia. Throughout the remainder of the Philippine campaign, the Japanese enjoyed total air superiority over the islands.

Almost completely ineffectual in meeting the December 8 attack, MacArthur now faced the ultimate challenge of his military career. Every study since 1909 had advocated that the defense of Luzon be conducted from Bataan, a twenty-five-mile-long peninsula, twenty miles wide at its neck, that encloses the western portion of Manila Bay. But MacArthur had scoffed at War Plan Orange 3 (WPO3) as being defeatist, preferring instead his own concept (developed in part by his former chief of staff, Dwight D. Eisenhower) of repelling the anticipated Japanese invasion force on Luzon's beaches.

Fortunately, MacArthur hadn't neglected the preparation of Bataan as a possible fallback position. For six months before Japan's December raid, the Philippine Army's 14th Engineers, with thousands of civilian employees under their command, toiled to build roads, bunkers, trails, and fortified lines throughout the length and width of the peninsula.

Besides being easier to defend than Luzon's thousands of miles of coastline,* the peninsula also was important because its southern shore at Mariveles is located less than three miles from Corregidor, the tiny fortified island guarding the mouth of Manila Bay like "a cork in a bottle." Often referred to as the "Gibraltar of the Pacific"

*The potential beaches open to an amphibious assault in the Philippines exceeded the length of the U.S. coastline.

or simply the "Rock," Corregidor was considered impregnable to naval forces. The island's long-range guns could fire armor-piercing shells fifteen miles out to sea.

Corregidor's defenses, however, had their weak spots. Many of the island's most formidable guns were sighted permanently toward the South China Sea to meet an onslaught of battleships that never came. The planners and engineers who laid out the military installations prior to 1922 never seriously considered the possibility of air attacks by bombers, or that the entire coastline of Manila Bay, including Bataan, might fall into enemy hands. Pacifism in the United States prior to December 7, 1941 also took its toll on the defense preparations of the Philippines; except for vintage 1918-23 anti-aircraft guns, most of Corregidor's major artillery defenses predated 1912.

Two days after the December 8 attack, invasion commander Lieutenant General Masaharu Homma made three small landings in northern Luzon, but MacArthur recognized them as feints and refused to take the bait. For the next two weeks the Philippine garrisons seemed to live on the false hope that nothing more serious would happen than frequent aerial bombardment. Morale was high among the American and Filipino soldiers because they believed they would only have to hold out for a little while until help arrived.

On paper, MacArthur could count roughly one hundred thousand men under arms—seemingly more than enough to repel the sixty thousand to one hundred thousand troops he estimated the Japanese might be able to gather as an invasion force. But the numbers alone were deceiving.

Approximately thirty-one thousand American soldiers, Philippine Scouts, and U.S. Army Air Force personnel were trained and ready for combat. The Philippine Scouts, part of the U.S. Army, were extremely well-disciplined but poorly equipped with hand-me-downs from regular Army units. An additional eighty thousand Filipinos made up the Philippine Army, but these men were green troops, not yet well-trained, and armed with obsolete 1903-vintage rifles.

Although he had been promised fifty thousand additional troops by February 1942, the general had received only eighty-five hundred by December 7. Of this number, more than five thousand were Army Air Force personnel. MacArthur didn't realize it then, but he had received all the re-

inforcements that ever would be sent. In the dark months to come, he and his successor would have to fight with whatever men and supplies they already possessed.

At 2 A.M. on December 22, Homma struck with a vengeance, landing forty-three thousand seasoned veterans from eighty troop transports onto beaches of the Lingayen Gulf, a deep inlet in the northwest shore of Luzon. Major General Jonathan M. Wainwright was waiting, but the green Philippine Army troops he commanded were unable to stop the landings "at the beaches" as MacArthur's strategy demanded. Thousands of Wainwright's newly recruited, inadequately trained soldiers broke and fled without firing a shot.

Likewise, one air strike against the invasion fleet by three B-17s was completely ineffectual, and submarines sent out to destroy Homma's transports sank only one ship.

There was brief resistance at only one of the three points where the main landings took place, and a short, hot fight at Rosario. Homma's determined divisions, closely supported by aircraft and two regiments of tanks, began a swift march toward Manila, pushing MacArthur's divisions before them. The American general's original bold defense strategy had crumbled almost immediately.

On Christmas Eve 1941, MacArthur abandoned his Manila headquarters and boarded an inter-island steamer for Corregidor, taking with him Manuel Quezon, the president of the Philippine Commonwealth. MacArthur declared Manila to be an "Open City," in the same manner as Paris prior to its fall to the Nazis.

Within two days Homma knew that his adversary had withdrawn to his island redoubt, where he now directed the fighting from the security of Malinta Tunnel. The Japanese commander's confidence peaked, and he felt his Philippine campaign was nearly won.

Contemplating a prolonged fight on the shores of Lingayen Gulf, MacArthur had prepared large-scale supply bases. More than fifty million bushels of rice were stored at Cabanatuan alone, easily enough food to feed his American and Filipino armies for four years.

But it seemed that everyone, including the father of the beach defense plan, had overlooked the vulnerability of supply depots a few miles from a potential invasion

Firepower on Corregidor was formidable, but it couldn't match the combined resources thrown against it.

Although heavy artillery defended the fortress island of Corregidor at the entrance to Manila Bay, most of the guns were obsolete, many could be fired only seaward, and none had protection against air attack.

"We were captured by front-line soldiers, so they treated us pretty well at first. They took our watches and Parker pens if they saw them, but there weren't a lot of beatings. Those would come later."

beach if the enemy landings succeeded. Nor had anyone spent much time considering what would happen if MacArthur's armies lost control of the skies. Once the defense of the beaches went sour, supplies outside of Bataan were impossible to defend.

General MacArthur temporized for nearly two days after the Japanese landings before telling his commanders that War Plan Orange 3 (the retreat to Bataan) was in effect on December 23. These were vital hours when his quartermasters might have saved at least part of the vast stores he had concentrated in forward supply depots.

Probably realizing his earlier error in not moving stockpiles to Bataan sooner, MacArthur now made every effort to rush supplies there, but the confusion of fighting an advancing enemy while performing a retrograde maneuver snarled the quartermaster's efforts. Long lines of trucks that should have been hauling food to protected storage often arrived at their destinations empty. Without friendly air cover, other convoys were blasted off the roads. Thousands of tons of irreplaceable fuel, ammunition, food, medicine, and other supplies were overrun by the Japanese juggernaut as it smashed across the central portion of Luzon. Additional huge stores had to be burned or abandoned in the forced retreat.

But in other ways MacArthur was directing the battle against Homma with a quiet confidence that had stabilized his army and at least slowed his opponent's relentless advance. Thanks to trusted subordinates like Wainwright, who fought brilliant but desperate rear-guard actions across the Luzon plains, the whole front was prevented from collapsing.

Then a fresh disaster threatened MacArthur's struggling armies. Major General George M. Parker, commander of South Luzon, reported a major amphibious landing in his sector. MacArthur realized instantly that he was being caught in a giant pincer movement with his armies 160 miles apart. On December 30, he ordered Parker north to Bataan.

What followed was one of the greatest retrograde maneuvers in the history of modern warfare as MacArthur extracted both his North and South Luzon commands from the fronts of two attacking armies, and moved them with minimal loss to Bataan. The Japanese high command recognized this achievement as a brilliant military accom-

plishment and faulted the overcautious Homma for allowing it to happen.

On Bataan, the supply situation was now critical. The number of soldiers and civilians there far exceeded the expectations of prewar planners. Nearly eighty thousand American and Filipino troops, together with as many as twenty-six thousand starving civilians, occupied the peninsula.

In the face of total Japanese air superiority, heavy losses of vehicles, and lack of ships for transport, serious resupply of the peninsula was no longer feasible.

Only submarines, daring PBVs, and an occasional smaller vessel were able to slip through the tightening Japanese blockade. Between December 1941 and May 1942, submarines made more than forty trips into Manila Bay, delivering food and equipment and evacuating top civilian personnel, including Army and Navy nurses as well as the gold reserves of the Philippine Treasury.

Homma now redoubled his efforts to win a quick victory. Massing his forces for a two-prong attack on Bataan, while continuing to maintain aerial and artillery attacks against Corregidor, the Japanese commander anticipated only light resistance from what he supposed was a greatly weakened enemy.

When Tokyo requested that some of Homma's most experienced troops be detached for service in Java, he agreed. He soon regretted doing so, however; the soldiers were barely out of sight when Homma's advance bogged down and then stopped almost completely.

MacArthur had directed his subordinates to create on Bataan front lines of machine gun nests and mine fields laced with barbed wire similar to those on the Western Front in World War I. When faced by the allied defenders ensconced behind these established fortifications, the Japanese commanders found they had to slog their way over every inch of tangled jungle against a ferocious foe.

Safe for the moment in the jungle-covered peninsula, American and Philippine officers found Bataan's terrain as great an enemy to their men as the Japanese were. At the peninsula's center stand extinct volcanoes almost five thousand feet high; its flanks are slashed with thrashing rivers and high cliffs, which then were bisected lengthwise by only two poor roads. Moreover, during the rainy season, Bataan

was a genuine tropical rain forest with water pouring into its thick undergrowth almost twenty-four hours a day.

Ill-prepared for the wet conditions, MacArthur's troops, who already suffered from early signs of malnutrition and exhaustion, quickly fell prey to tropical diseases such as malaria, dengue fever, beriberi, pellegra, and hookworm.

The daily ration of sixty ounces of rice per man was cut to thirty on January 6. Later it was cut in half again. The Filipinos adapted to the scarce food situation quickly and began stalking monkeys, snakes, rats, lizards, insects, birds, or any other creature that could fill out their near-starvation diets. Their American counterparts soon overcame an initial squeamishness and did likewise.

Despite the valiant fighting spirit of his men, MacArthur knew that without prompt relief they were doomed. His repeated, pleading messages to Washington for help were acknowledged by his superiors, but the time for relief was now past. A convey that had been carrying troops, supplies, and ammunition to the Philippines

on December 8 had been diverted to Australia.

When reinforcements and supplies failed to materialize, the general resorted to propaganda methods to prop up his soldiers, at least once assuring them that "help is on the way!" He frequently sent his adjutant, Carlos Romulo, to Bataan on morale-building missions, but only once during his months on Corregidor did MacArthur personally visit Bataan—an omission that still rankles many survivors.

Then, though his men on Bataan were suffering from malnutrition on what amounted to starvation rations, MacArthur inexplicably ordered some of the peninsula's remaining food stockpiles transferred to the already fairly well-fed garrison on Corregidor.

In other military affairs, however, MacArthur's Japanese adversaries learned to their rue that the American general was a cunning foe. By early February, the Bataan peninsula's defenders had killed more than seven thousand experienced Japanese soldiers. Some enemy units were so decimated

After a courageous four-month battle, American and Philippine defenses on Bataan finally collapsed on April 9, 1942. A Japanese sentry (below) guards just-captured prisoners of war at the beginning of what later became known as the infamous "Bataan Death March."



A Japanese photograph (right) shows prisoners during their sixty-five-mile march up the Bataan peninsula. "No matter how sick you were," recalls survivor Alfred Xerex-Burgos, "when you saw a fallen man slaughtered in cold blood with a bayonet, it gave you fresh energy to go on a little farther."



that they virtually ceased to exist. More than thirteen thousand other Japanese troops were incapacitated by the same diseases that decimated the Americans and Filipinos.

Homma's sixty-day timetable for the conquest of the Philippines now was disrupted seriously, and Tokyo demanded an explanation. The Japanese commander had to admit that his force was too weak to crack the American lines. In an urgent dispatch to headquarters, Homma was forced to humiliate himself by asking for more troops.

When Homma's reinforcements arrived, he was dismayed to find that they were poorly trained and had little combat experience. But they were fresh, full of enthusiasm, and ready to die for their emperor.

In the American and Philippine forces, meanwhile, rumor fed on rumor as the men under MacArthur watched the horizon of the South China Sea for signs of a relief convoy, or scanned the skies for American aircraft. As the weeks dragged on, none appeared—nor would they. The men of Corregidor and Bataan began to feel they had been abandoned by their government—and they were correct.

The most serious blow to the defenders' morale fell on the evening of March 11, when MacArthur, ordered to Australia by

President Franklin D. Roosevelt, boarded a PT boat with his wife, young son, and key members of his staff, and left Corregidor. Despite the veil of secrecy over the evacuation, it was soon known in every trench and foxhole that the commanding general had abandoned his men to their fate.

Earle Ennis, in 1942 a sergeant in the Army Corps of Engineers, knew of the general's secret departure because he found his boss, Colonel Pat Casey, hurriedly packing maps and a few clothes on the eleventh. "I'm going with MacArthur," Casey said matter-of-factly, "and we're leaving tonight."

"I knew then that we were finished," Ennis recalls. "Once MacArthur was gone, the rest of us would be written off as expendable."

Throughout the remainder of March the vicious Japanese frontal attacks continued as Homma tried to end the battle with a four-week offensive that he hoped would drive the Luzon Force into the sea. Japanese air and artillery bombardments smashed the defenders almost around the clock, but the soldiers of Bataan stubbornly held their ground.

The individual bravery of the men on Bataan was exemplary, but some went far beyond even that standard. One of these

was Corporal Respicio. One day a field of fire in front of Respicio's position was obstructed by bamboo thickets and trees that Japanese snipers were using as cover. Respicio's commanding officer, Charles M. Demwold, asked him to clear it.

Strapping more than sixty pounds of TNT to his back, Respicio crawled forward, exchanging fire with the enemy as he did so, until he could place the explosives below the sniper's nest. The resulting explosion cleared out the snipers; Respicio later was awarded the Silver Star.

But bravery alone was not enough for survival. The troops needed adequate rations, rest, medical attention, and functional ammunition. The munitions supplied to the men on Bataan was so old that it was little better than practice ordnance.

The defenders of Bataan still put up such a good defense that the Japanese largely abandoned frontal daylight charges in favor of night attacks. "One of their tricks was to lift the concertina wire with long bamboo poles so that their men could crawl under it," Respicio recalls, "and it worked very well for them. Once under the wire they would engage us in our foxholes. Three companies of the 57th Infantry were wiped out by these tactics in hand-to-hand combat. After that we were issued .45-caliber pistols."

In early March Homma's new reinforcements engaged the diseased and emaciated soldiers of Bataan. Week by week the defenders were pushed back, losing artillery, equipment, and supplies as they stubbornly retreated. When the battle for Bataan first started, troops periodically were rotated to rear sections, but this practice ended in March. As Earle Ennis recalls, "There was no 'rear section' at the end. Everywhere troops were bombed and strafed daily, and there was no place to hide. The Japanese now were basing their planes near Manila so they could stay overhead longer and hit us harder."

Frankie Respicio recalls that by "about April 5, we were being assaulted continuously day and night. More than half of my squad was killed. Then we were overrun by tanks. We had nothing to stop them with, but some of our brave boys climbed on the tanks anyway. When we were forced to withdraw, I was sent back to get Sergeant Mori, our platoon leader, and PFC Abella. I was met by heavy fire from the Japanese, so I called out to Mori and Abella. 'Keep going,' they answered, 'We are wounded and dying. We're waiting for the Japs. We'll

cover you.' They fought to the death while we retreated to safety."

Leon Beck was a member of an antitank company on Bataan. The morning of April 3, 1942 was a day that he will never forget. "I never tried to count the rounds of enemy artillery, but one of my superior officers, Colonel Gyles L. Merrill, said that an estimated seven thousand rounds per hour saturated an area of our defenses a mile wide and a mile deep. The Philippine division holding that part of the front was completely routed. When the barrage lifted, we didn't have a gun, a truck, or a field kitchen left. All that we had was what we were carrying.

"We started to pull back to join with other units. We carried a soldier named Pasco, whose hip was out of joint, with us to keep the Japanese from getting him. We held him up with web belts and dragged him along. As far as I remember, we still had him six days later when we surrendered just above the town of Mariveles. In the field you were loyal to each other.

"I can only remember highlights of what happened during that six days. We would form lines of resistance, but then we'd be flanked and ordered to pull back. Once the enemy got behind us, we had no choice but to retreat and establish another line. But each time we pulled back, things became more disrupted. You couldn't find people in control, you just did the best you could."

The final struggle began on April 6, when Major General Edward P. King attempted to hold his line by counterattacking with all of his remaining reserves. But the superior number of Japanese soldiers, backed by tanks, brushed them aside with ease. By the night of April 8, King knew his position was hopeless.

Private First Class Melecio Mabalot of the Philippine Scouts had been fighting continuously since Christmas. The pressure on Mabalot and his companions in the slit trenches of Bataan finally reached a breaking point. "I could hardly move," he recalls. "I was in a dream-state much of the time from exhaustion, but none of us dared to stop fighting. It was the only thing left to do."

In the dark hours before dawn on April 9, Mabalot's commanding officer passed among the men of his unit, telling them to fix bayonets; they would take part in a charge against the Japanese at first light. "That is when I thought, 'This is the end. I'm going to die today.'"

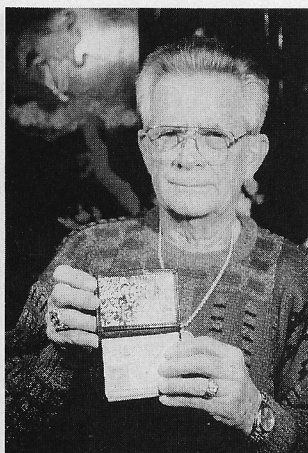
"If you fell down, or started to crawl, the guards would yell for you to get up and beat you with a long pole they carried. If you couldn't stand up again, you were murdered on the spot without mercy."

Former Philippine Scout and Bataan Death March survivor Melecio Mabalot today.



"People think we are exaggerating when we say that the ground shook like a continuous earthquake, but that's the way it really was on Corregidor. I can't describe the effect that shelling had on us. It wore on our nerves and we couldn't rest."

Leon Beck today, holding a Japanese photograph showing himself and other soldiers after their capture.



Melvin Routt, a Navy fireman who served aboard the submarine tender *Canopus* at Mareveles Bay, and who suffered wounds when she was bombed, recalls the last night of fighting on Bataan as one of incredible events.

"During the night there was an earthquake that shook us. A Lieutenant Ekerson of the Army Air Force, a former pilot, was in charge of blowing up the tunnels filled with ammunition. When the earthquake hit, he mistakenly set off the charges ahead of time. A lot of small launches in the harbor were hit by falling rock from the explosions. They were definitely premature!

"Those of our ships that still remained at the docks in Mariveles Bay were on fire when word got back to us that the Army was surrendering. I wanted to stay in the fight. Because I was part of the volunteer skeleton crew of the *Canopus*, we became the scuttling crew." Routt helped move his ship from the docks out into the channel, where the remaining crew members opened the flood valves. "I was on the last launch leaving the ship and was pretty close to being the last person to touch the *Canopus*. She was deep in the water the next day, but still floating; finally she slipped under.

"The *Harrison*, an Army mine layer, was one of the last ships that left Mariveles for Corregidor, but they had to tell people they couldn't board. The garrison commanders didn't want any more people on the island.

"I saw hundreds of men try to swim across, but they were swept out to sea. I'm sure they drowned. Because I was scuttling a ship I was allowed to go to the Rock when we finished."

On the night of April 8, Corporal Ben Waldron, stationed at an antiaircraft gun on Corregidor's Morrison Hill, knew that something important was happening on the Bataan peninsula. "Our big mortars began firing at Bataan," he recalls, "and we heard that our men over there were being overrun. It didn't look good for them at all."

"The big mortars fired right over our heads, the shells sounding much like a freight train going through the air. Every now and then one of the battle plates that separated the projectile from the powder would come screeching down through the foliage. It made a quacking noise like a

duck until it hit a tree or some other solid object with a big splat."

Out in the two-mile-plus-wide strait between Bataan and Corregidor, Waldron faintly saw what looked like floating marbles. Soon there were hundreds of "marbles" on the surface of the sea. As Waldron continued to stare into the near-darkness, he realized that he was seeing the heads of defeated defenders who were trying to swim to the island.

"They were using anything that would hold them up. Bamboo, lumber, crates, anything they could grab on the shore of Mariveles. I don't know how many of those soldiers could swim, but the next morning the beaches of Corregidor were littered with corpses, and hundreds of bodies still floated in the water. It was a frightening thing to see.

"That morning [April 9] we found out that Bataan had fallen. That was bad news, for it meant that we were now the only ones left in the Philippines to hold back the Japanese."

At that lowest moment of the war, the surviving soldiers on Bataan were given a reprieve from certain annihilation. Realizing that most of his positions had been overrun and his troops scattered and exhausted, General King decided to surrender his Bataan forces without waiting to get Wainwright's permission.

When King tried to reach the Japanese lines to turn over his command, his vehicle became caught in a massive traffic jam of retreating men and equipment. If the dispirited general had any doubts about the collapse of his command, they were dispelled in the near-rout that blocked his progress. Along the way men stood with their mouths open as they saw their commander going by with a white flag on his vehicle.

"I saw Major Saint coming toward me with tears streaming down his face," recalls Frankie Respicio. "We are surrendering," he said, "We have to go to Little Baguio and wait for the Japs." I destroyed my Browning automatic rifle [BAR] so that the enemy wouldn't get it, and we formed up lines and started marching to the assembly point. I was crying, too."

"After all the noise and stress of the past

*Portions of Ben D. Waldron's narrative have been adapted with permission from material in his World War II memoir, *Corregidor: From Paradise to Hell!* (243 pages, illustrated, soft cover), available for \$21.95 from Ben Waldron Publications, 6142 Summerset Lane, Citrus Heights, California 95621 (California residents add \$1.48 sales tax).



During the first days of May 1942, Japanese artillery rained tens of thousands of rounds of shells onto Corregidor. For men stationed in the relative security of the island's Malinta Tunnel (left), the siege was grueling; for those who had to remain outside, the experience was terrifying.

three months," remembers Earle Ennis, "the silence that descended after the surrender was wonderful. I was relieved that the fighting was over and grateful that I had made it that far."

Ennis, Beck, Mabalot, and Respicio were among the estimated seventy thousand American and Filipino prisoners taken that day. "We were captured by front-line soldiers," recalls Ennis, "so they treated us pretty well at first. We had stockpiled our guns and equipment, and the Japanese came right into camp. They took our watches and Parker pens if they saw them, and a few demanded our rings, but there weren't a lot of beatings. Those would come later."

Beck remembers a Japanese soldier making off with his toothbrush with as much delight as if he had found a gold watch. "Those Japanese soldiers were desperate," he recalls with an ironic laugh.

"We were counted off in groups of about one hundred, four abreast. The kind of treatment you received depended on the guards you got. Some would line up your formation and make you stand at attention until they were ready to move, then they would double-time you until the column got all straggled out and had to be stopped because they were losing control.

"Every so often they would rotate the guards. And every time you did anything, the Japanese counted you. They would start out with one hundred prisoners, and five or six would drop out, and maybe some-

one would escape, but it didn't matter how many were left in the group, they just counted you over and over like you were precious gold."

"Marching us out of Mariveles was the start of what later became known as the 'Bataan Death March,'" says Ennis. "After the surrender, we were assembled into columns and marched sixty-five miles up the peninsula to a prison camp. Nobody had any idea where it was. The Japanese didn't tell us anything and they didn't feed us for two days.

"If we had known what was about to happen, a lot of people might have done things differently. For one thing, there would have been a big scramble for extra canteens. Lack of water was one of the things that killed hundreds of men during the first few days. It was blistering hot at that time of year, with one hundred percent humidity. Everyone suffered from heat and especially thirst.

"I had been in the islands long enough to know not to drink contaminated water. Other soldiers didn't know or didn't care and they would drink every chance they got, no matter what the water looked or tasted like. Sometimes they just smeared wet mud in their mouths, trying to get some liquid. Many of the men had dysentery when they were captured, but thousands more got it later after drinking from contaminated sources.

"There were springs and little streams

During the first days of May 1942, Japanese military forces of thousands of men landed on the island of Corregidor. For men stationed in the relative security of the

Japanese landing parties encountered ferocious resistance from Corregidor's defenders on May 6, but their superior numbers soon prevailed. Here a Japanese flame thrower neutralizes a machine-gun position.



along our route, but even a pure artesian well, after being trampled by thousands of sick, exhausted men, would become a disgusting mud hole crawling with disease. I held off drinking that water as much as I could because I knew that if I got sick I wasn't going to make it.

"Anyone who couldn't walk on his own was bayoneted and left on the edge of the road for the trucks to run over. At first the really sick ones were kept going as long as possible by their buddies, if they had any, but eventually everyone in the column became too weak to do anything more than just keep himself moving."

A Philippine Scout in the same group, Colonel Alfred A. Xerex-Burgos, also stumbled along day after day in the column that sometimes stretched out more than ten miles. Now the executive director of the Corregidor Foundation, in charge of restoring the island as a memorial, Burgos told the author that "no matter how sick you were, when you saw a fallen man slaughtered in cold blood with a bayonet, it gave you fresh energy to go on a little farther

"Every day I saw the bodies of men who had fallen sick and then been killed by the Japanese guards. If you fell down, or started to crawl, the guards would yell for you to get up and beat you with a long pole

they carried. If you couldn't stand up again, you were murdered on the spot without mercy. If anyone tried to help a fallen man, they were beaten and killed, too.

"It would have been much better for those who died if they had just been shot. But the guards wouldn't shoot you, because they had to account for every bullet. So they killed the cheap way, with a bayonet jab in the heart or throat. I think some of the guards enjoyed doing this, because they didn't always stab to kill. Some guards let men scream and struggle in agony first.

"I didn't want to be one of those who were killed like stray dogs, so I stayed on my feet all the way to the prison camp. God sustained me, otherwise I wouldn't be here today."

Before the Bataan Death March had gotten very far, recalls Leon Beck, "I had made up my feeble mind that I wasn't going to remain a prisoner of war.

"Nobody else would go with me. A lot of the men thought we would be rescued in six months; that's how much faith we had in the U.S. Army. One guy said he could do six months standing on his head. Meanwhile, the Americans who were driving trucks for the Japanese passed the word that if you didn't escape before San Fernando you lost your chance, because there the prisoners

were put on a train for Camp O'Donnell.

"I marched with them as far as Guagua, Pamganga. Four men in my group helped me watch the guards, but they wouldn't go with me. They all died later in prison camp.

"I just rolled off a steep part of the road into a little cover and lay there as the other prisoners marched by." Beck survived the war as a guerrilla, fighting behind the Japanese lines.

For Beck's fellow prisoners on the Death March, that part of the ordeal didn't end until April 24, when the last columns of survivors marched into Camp O'Donnell for internment.

Infuriated that King had surrendered only the Bataan force, Homma now turned his full attention to Corregidor.

From his position on Corregidor's Morrison Hill, Ben Waldron could see the Japanese furiously preparing for an amphibious assault. "We wanted to blast the daylights out of the Japanese on Bataan," he recalls, "but we had to hold our artillery fire. We would have killed our own captured soldiers who were being marched out of the area, so we waited."

Meanwhile, Homma's commanders brought up their own heavy artillery, placing batteries on the slopes of Mounts Bataan and Mariveles, and along the south shore of the Bataan peninsula, locations unavailable to them previously. Now all sectors of Corregidor could be hit with high explosives, and the Japanese began to systematically scour every yard of its surface.

Firepower on the island was still formidable, but it couldn't match the combined resources thrown against it. The defenders' ammunition was now running low and had to be used sparingly. Many of Corregidor's high explosive shells, manufactured in the early 1930s, had been ruined by the tropical humidity. As many as sixty percent failed to explode upon hitting their targets.

After Fireman Mel Routt arrived on Corregidor, he and his comrades received further infantry training from the 4th Marines. "They told us we wouldn't be needed for combat; we would only be reserves," he laughs now.

"Instead of a steel helmet, I was given a World War I felt campaign hat. We were trained under battle conditions, with Japanese artillery shells falling all around us, by Marines who knew what they were doing. We worked hard because we knew we would be fighting the Japanese soon.

You could see them building wooden barges on Mariveles for their invasion troops.

"The bombardment that followed was the worst yet. People think we are exaggerating when we say that the ground shook like a continuous earthquake, but that's the way it really was on Corregidor. At night, especially, we could see a continuous string of flashes on the shores opposite the Rock. I can't describe the effect that shelling had on us. It wore on our nerves and we couldn't rest. Remember, this same thing had been going on for months on Bataan before we got to Corregidor."

The Corregidor garrison grimly held on as Japanese Army, Air Force, and Navy units pounded the island unceasingly. By one account more than three hundred air raids were launched against the island during the final days of the siege.

Beginning on about May 3, the intensity of the barrage increased to an even higher pitch. For seventy-two hours straight, shells rained down on the island so fast that to one survivor the effect was like a machine gun firing. More than sixteen thousand artillery rounds landed on Corregidor in one day alone.

Once a lush tropical island, thatched over with a thick matting of jungle punctuated by beautiful ipil-ipil and monkeypod trees, Corregidor became pockmarked with shell holes and littered with the ruins of buildings and fortifications. Barren and seemingly lifeless, it resembled a World War I "No Man's Land."

Then, at midnight on May 5, the shelling stopped.

Suddenly, in the darkness an officer yelled: "Here they come!"

Waldron clearly remembers what happened next:

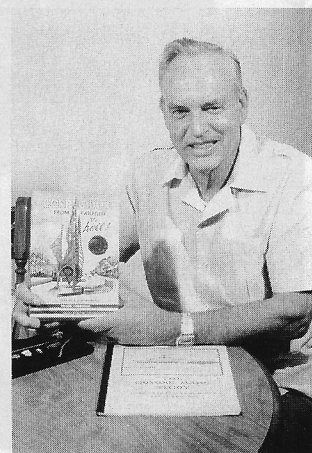
"Everything was still, quiet, and eerie in the darkness. Then all hell broke loose down below us. Somehow one of our searchlight batteries had gotten two lights back into operation, and in their glare we could see barges loaded with thousands of Japanese troops approaching Corregidor from Cabcaben.

"Battery Way was soon in action and lobbing its twelve-inch projectiles into the barges. Each time one of their shells exploded overhead, it would take out six or seven barges.

"Then the gunners of Denver Battery began firing their three-inch AA guns, leveling them to a horizontal position and cutting the fuses short enough so that the

"This time there were about sixty-five enemy soldiers, all yelling at the top of their lungs. I concentrated on firing my machine gun, reloading it, and then firing again as fast as I could. Then the gun jammed, and I began throwing hand grenades."

Ben Waldron today, with his recently published memoir of his experiences on Corregidor and as a prisoner of war.





shells would explode over the barges. We could see that the Japanese were being slaughtered by the hundreds!

"Despite all their losses, the Japanese kept coming and were able to gain a foothold on the shore. Our Marines met them at the beaches and began mowing them down with machine guns before most of them could get through the barbed-wire barriers.

"But they kept coming, piling their dead upon dead until they formed bridges over the barbed wire. Our men fell back, then rallied again, pushing the Japanese back almost to the very edge of the water. I believe the Marines would have pushed them completely off the island if there had been only infantry to deal with, but the Japanese landed small tanks, and our troops were soon on the retreat.

"It wasn't long before we saw the first Japanese Marines coming over the hill at us. Fortunately, we were able to hold our position, completely wiping out their first charge.

"I prepared for another assault. This time there were about sixty-five enemy soldiers, all yelling at the top of their lungs. I concentrated on stopping their mad charge, firing my machine gun, reloading it, and then firing again as fast as I could. Then the gun jammed, and I began throwing hand grenades. The grenades were so old that only half of them went off. I was throwing them like rocks, trying to knock the charging soldiers down so that someone else could shoot them.

"We eventually stopped this charge, but the enemy soldiers had gotten so close that I shot two or three in the face with my .45 before it was all over.

"Like most of the other men who were there, I was out of breath and scared to death. All I could hear was a buzzing noise in my ears. After the fighting ended, I realized that the sound was the rushing of my own blood—my own adrenalin going through my body. My blood pressure must have been at its limit."

Mel Routt heard every gun on the island that could bear on the invasion fleet open fire. "It was a sheet of flame that lit up the sky," he remembers. "My group was ordered to Malinta Tunnel, where we waited while they brought in the wounded from the landing beaches. Men were carried past us all blown up, arms and legs gone, covered with blood.

"I had two bandoleers of rifle bullets tied

around my waist, another slung over each shoulder, and a duty belt, plus ammunition for my .45, all of which totaled about three hundred rounds. I'm not sure how many rounds I fired, but I didn't have much ammunition left when the fighting stopped.

"When we were ordered out to support the Marines we were pretty well shaken up, but we were determined to fight to the last man.

"The Marines were magnificent. I saw three of them going forward with a machine gun. One was cut down and someone else jumped up instantly and took his place and they kept going into a hail of bullets.

"The Japanese kept flanking us, but after the third time we began pushing them back. We were led by a redheaded gunnery lieutenant from the *Canopus* who was hit in the head twenty feet from me.

"Four of us were sent down to where a culvert crossed a road, to see if the enemy was flanking us again. In the faint light some of us saw a Japanese soldier with a rifle and we all shot him. We kept shooting until we realized that he was already dead. I am sure the Japanese were doing the same thing to our boys. Everybody that night on both sides was scared to death.

"When we got back to our first position, as many enemy troops were behind us as were ahead of us. One of them charged me, and I was hit in the arm and the leg. Then, using a trick that I had learned from the Marines, I got him off balance and he ran right onto my bayonet. He fell down and I couldn't get the blade out of him. The Marines had always said to save one shot for cases like that, and I fired my rifle. It blew blood and guts all over me but the bayonet came out.

"At around daylight, runners arrived and told us that we were supposed to surrender, but we ignored them. We had been told earlier that it would be a fight to the end. But then I saw a white sheet raised on Fort Hughes, which is just offshore from Corregidor on another island. Only then did the runners convince us that it was a direct order from General Wainwright.

"On the way back we began to destroy our weapons. We were supposed to turn the guns in, but instead we smashed them—or lost important parts.

"That's when I realized I had powder burns on my skin from being so close to discharging guns—theirs and ours."

As word was passed down the defense lines that the garrison would surrender at noon,

men looked around in disbelief. A silence had fallen on the island, but occasional artillery shells were still being fired from offshore. It was May 6, 1942.

Waldron remembers the early hours of the surrender:

"My buddy Bill Murphy and I picked up our barracks bags and headed for Middleside Tunnel, one of the concentration areas for the surrender. Crossing the parade ground at Topside, we couldn't help but notice a detail of men lowering 'Old Glory' and raising a white sheet in its place. Watching the scene tore us up and we both sat down and cried like two little boys who had lost all their marbles."

As General Wainwright, the last commander of Corregidor, told its gallant defenders, "You have not surrendered. Your commanding officer has surrendered you."

After the final capitulation, Waldron, Ennis, Routt, and their comrades were held as prisoners in the Philippines and Japan until liberation finally came, three and a half years later, in September 1945.

The ordeal of Bataan and Corregidor scarred forever the lives of almost a hundred thousand American and Filipino survivors. Abandoned by General MacArthur and written off by their own government, they still fought stubbornly against overwhelming odds until finally ordered by their commanders to lay down their arms. Even then, many escaped and fought on behind enemy lines until the Allies returned to liberate the Philippines. Others, forced into slave labor as prisoners of war, used every means possible to sabotage the Japanese war effort—often paying with their lives for their continued resistance. Many thousands of heroic men who had fought and then surrendered with honor were to die in the terrible years of Japanese captivity, after suffering the most brutal and vicious treatment imaginable.

Masaharu Homma, the conqueror of Bataan and Corregidor, never enjoyed his Pyrrhic victory. The Japanese high command stripped him of his command, called him home, and forced him to take an early retirement. At war's end Homma was returned to Manila, where he was tried and hanged as a war criminal for crimes committed by his troops in the campaign of 1941-42. ★

California filmmaker and writer Frank Taylor has devoted much of the past year to a television documentary on Bataan and Corregidor.

"Crossing the parade ground at Topside, we couldn't help but notice a detail of men lowering 'Old Glory' and raising a white sheet in its place. Watching the scene tore us up and we both sat down and cried like two little boys."

Japanese soldiers (opposite) haul down the American flag on Corregidor's parade ground on May 6, 1942, bringing to a close a bitter chapter in the history of the Pacific War.

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THE PINKERTON BOMB *continued from page 55*

reveal no instance of any of them ever being arrested. On September 13, 1877, the court ordered the case against the indictees continued indefinitely. The move, in effect, swept the issue under the rug. Hard evidence had been lacking in the case.

Had Pinkerton's letters to Samuel Hardwicke been available, they indisputably would have proved the Pinkerton agents' deep involvement in the raid. The attorney, however, never was indicted. Fearful for his safety because of rumors linking him with the incident, Hardwicke moved from his farm into Liberty, and soon thereafter to St. Paul, Minnesota.

On the night of April 12, 1875, someone shot down Daniel Askew in his yard. The press considered the possibility that Pinkerton's operatives killed the farmer to ensure his silence—but it seemed far more likely that the James brothers had wreaked vengeance. Sheriff John Groom reported to Governor Hardin that Clay

County was now “terror-stricken”; Askew’s murder had been an example to the community in which the Jameses had threatened many others. Groom suggested that the governor offer the outlaws one last chance to surrender; if they failed to do so, a reward would be posted for their delivery to the authorities “dead or alive.”

Regardless, the robberies continued until the fateful day of September 7, 1876, when the gang was shot to pieces during an abortive holdup of the First National Bank in Northfield, Minnesota. Three of the outlaws were killed, and Cole, Jim, and Bob Younger all were wounded and later captured. The James brothers also were wounded, but escaped.

After three years of hiding, Jesse organized a makeshift gang and robbed the Glendale train on October 8, 1879 in Jackson County, Missouri. Two years later, on July 15, 1881, gang members murdered a passenger and a conductor during a train robbery near

Winston, Missouri. The state's new governor, Thomas Crittenden, persuaded the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, whose train was attacked, to offer a \$5,000 reward for Jesse and Frank James. This sum was more than the gang stole in the heist. The huge reward caused disarray and suspicion among the outlaws.

Within months, members of the band began coming forward to testify in exchange for immunity from prosecution. The net slowly closed in around the fugitive Jesse James. With the gang now divided sharply, it became each man for himself.

After breakfast on April 3, 1882, Jesse James stepped into the parlor of his house in St. Joseph, Missouri. Gang members Charles and Bob Ford followed behind. As Jesse turned to dust a picture, Bob Ford drew a revolver and shot him in the back of the head. The manner of James's death—assassination by a traitorous member of his own gang, with Jesse's wife and children in the next room—ensured

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the outlaw's everlasting martyrdom.

Allan Pinkerton died on July 1, 1884. But the ghost of Jesse James continued to torment Pinkerton's sons. As late as 1892, Senator George Vest, during an investigation of the Homestead Riots in Pennsylvania, demanded to know if William Pinkerton had participated in the bombing of the Samuel home. "When the house in which the robbers lived was surrounded," Pinkerton responded, "none of the Pinkertons or watchmen were present." Despite his denials, newspapers placed William Pinkerton at the Northend Hotel in Kansas City prior to the raid on the Samuel farm.

When, at century's turn, the jailed Younger brothers came up for parole,

the second generation of Pinkertons strenuously fought release of the former bandits. In 1901, the Pinkertons lost their final battle against the colorful terrorists when Jim and Cole Younger stepped out of prison.

The elderly Zerelda Samuel took advantage of her infamous sons' legacy. Until her death in 1911, Zerelda helped to support herself by selling twenty-five-cent tours of her farmhouse to visitors.

In 1909, a journalist from the Kansas City *Star* asked Zerelda if her boys were guilty of the crimes of which they were accused.

"They didn't ever prove anything, did they?" the matriarch declared. "Didn't they try Frank James any number of times and finally acquit

him? Of course they did. . . . Of course [the boys] didn't do anything. All that was just talk. Why, they were two of the [loving] boys that ever lived."

Zerelda led her visitors into the kitchen, pointing to the fireplace where the bomb exploded on that terrible winter night in 1875. "That's what the Pinkertons threw," the old woman exclaimed, nodding to a bowl-shaped piece of iron being used for a doorstop. "That's what tore my arm off and killed my little Archie. . . . But they didn't get the boys, those detectives." ★

Harry A. Soltysiak is a resident of the James brothers' home territory of Clay County, Missouri. He was a go-between in the recent return to the James family farm of the long-missing Pinkerton bomb fragment [see sidebar on page 55].

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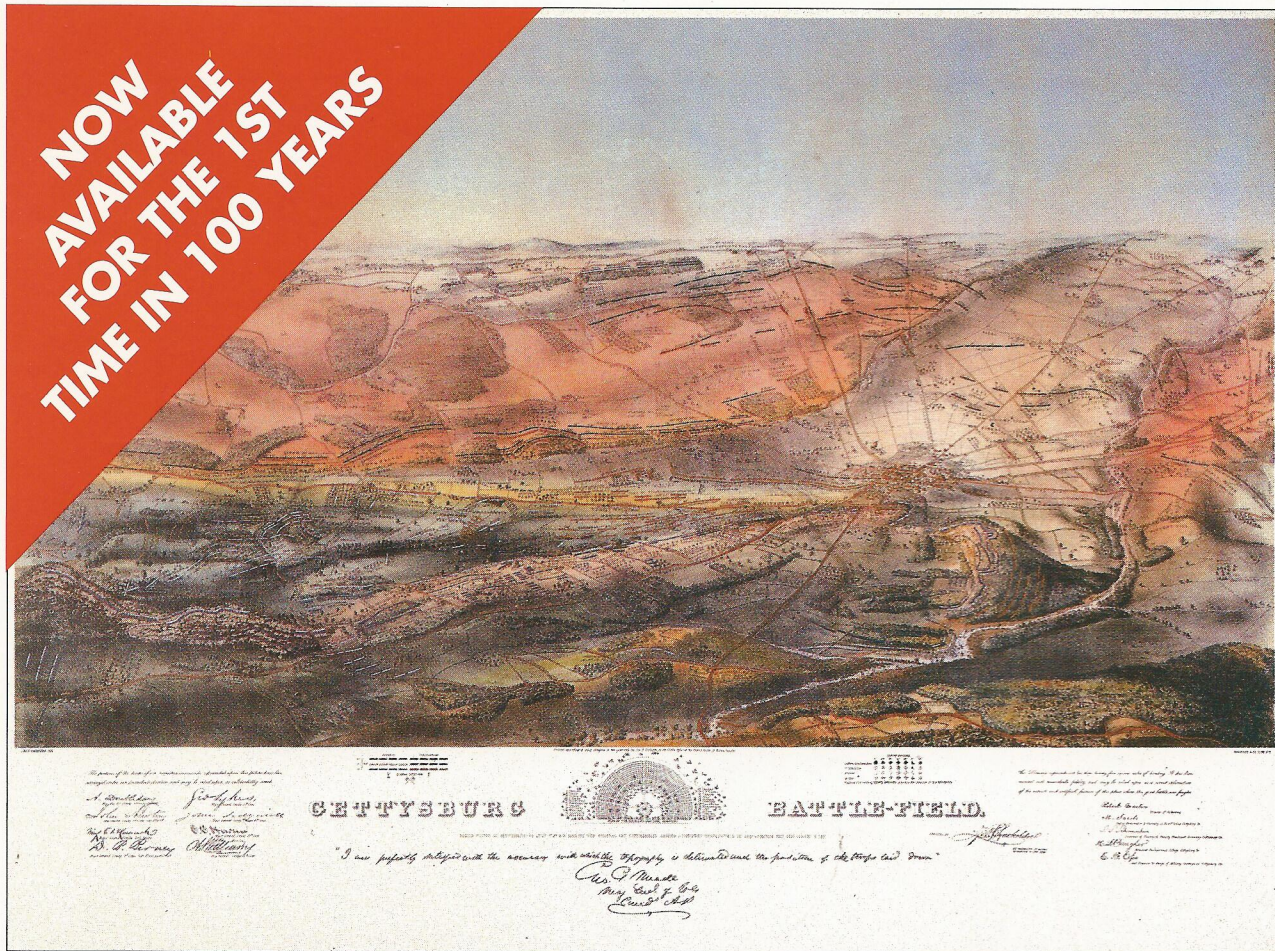
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MAY / JUNE 1992

After breakfast on April 3, 1882, Jesse James stepped into the parlor of his house in St. Joseph, Missouri. Gang members Charles and Bob Ford followed behind. As Jesse turned to dust a picture, Bob Ford drew a revolver and shot him in the back of the head. The manner of James's death—assassination by a traitorous member of his own gang, with Jesse's wife and children in the next room—ensured

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It was late 1863. The memories were fresh. In July that year, two great Union and Confederate armies met in southern Pennsylvania. There, around the town of Gettysburg, they fought a titanic three-day battle. And months later, Northerners were still talking about it. It was as close as the Civil War would ever come to their homes.

In the weeks following the fight, inspired by the public's hunger for more information, mapmaker and artist Jonathan Bachelder did his research and created the overview of the Gettysburg battlefield you see here – the map, at the time, believed to be so authoritative it earned the personal endorsement of the battle's victor, Union Major General George Meade.

Bearing Meade's autograph and those of six other Union generals who survived the fight, the work carried this line, penned by the commanding major general himself: "I am perfectly satisfied with the accuracy with which the topography is delineated and the positions of the troops laid down."

Prints of this map, once common, hung in parlors all over the nation in the late 1800s. Today they are rare.

Above is a photograph of a surviving proof copy of the famous Bachelder work. It shows the correct positions of all Meade's units of the Army of the Potomac and – to the

best of the mapmaker's knowledge – all those of Confederate General Robert E. Lee's opposing Army of Northern Virginia. Recently, after being displayed for years in Carlisle, Pennsylvania at the U.S. Army Military History Institute, it has been restored to its original color and clarity by Museum Editions Limited.

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